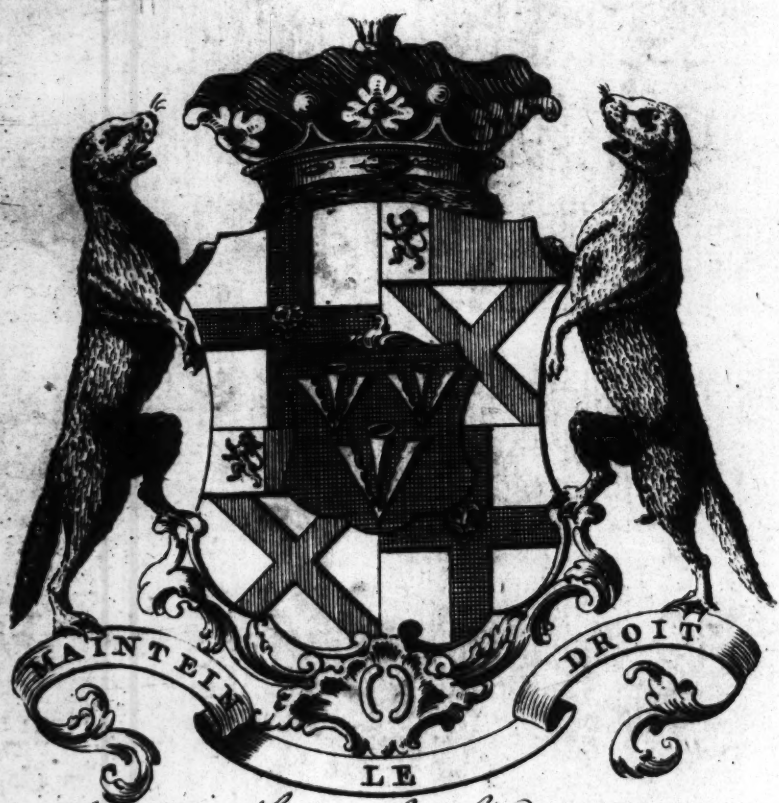
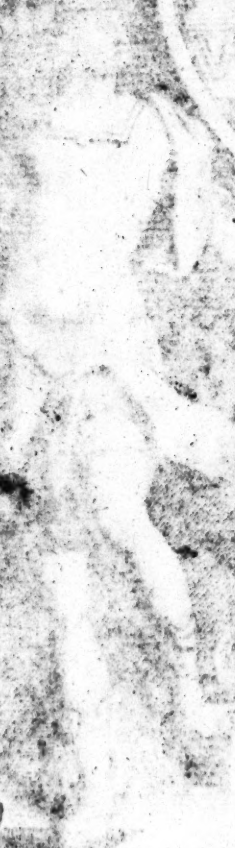


James Marquiss of Carnarvon.



James Marquiss of Carnarvon.





M. F. Gucht Sulp:

A. Ovidius
THE

ART

OF

LOVE:

In Imitation of

OVID

DE ARTE AMANDI.

With a PREFACE containing the
LIFE of *OVID*.

By W. KING.

L O N D O N :

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT between the two
Temple Gates in *Fleetstreet*; and sold by WIL-
LIAM TAYLOR at the *Ship*, and HENRY CLE-
MENTS at the *Half Moon*, in *St. Paul's Church-*
Yard.

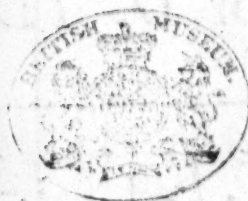
THE
ART
OF
DRAWING

In Imitation of

OF THE

DE ADRIAN

9. 4
1671





TO THE
Lord *HERBERT*,
Eldest Son of his Excel-
lency the Earl of *Pem-
broke and Montgomery, &c.*

MY LORD,



*HE following Lines
are written on a
Subject that will
naturally be protected by
A 2 the*

Epistle Dedicatory.

*the Goodness and Temper
of Your Lordship: For, as
the Advantages of Your
Mind and Person must
kindle the Flames of Love in
the coldest Breast; so You
are of an Age most susceptible
of them in Your own. You
have acquired all those Ac-
complishments at home which
others are forc'd to seek a-
broad, and have given the
World Assurance by such Be-
ginnings, that You will soon
be*

Epistle Dedicatory.

*be qualified to fill the Highest
Offices of the Crown with
the same Universal Applause
that has constantly attended
Your Illustrious Father in the
Discharge of them. For the
Good of Your Posterity, may
You ever be Happy in the
Choice of what You Love :
And tho' these Rules will be
of small use to You that
can frame much better ; yet
let me beg leave that by de-
dicating them to Your Ser-
vice,*

Epistle Dedicatory.

*vice, I may have the Honour
of telling the World, that I
am oblig'd to Your Lordship,
and that I am most entirely*

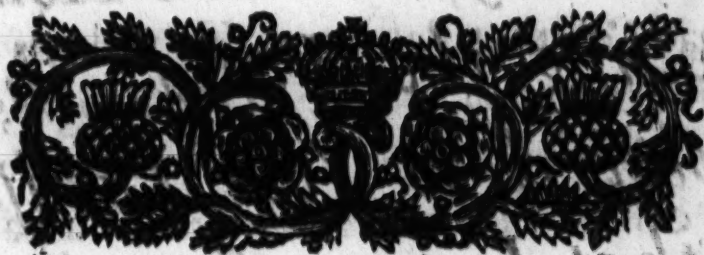
Your Lordship's

most Faithful

Humble Servant,

William King.

T H E



THE PREFACE.

IT is endeavour'd in the following Poems to give the Readers of both Sexes some Ideas of the Art of Love ; such a Love as is innocent and virtuous, and whose Desires terminate in present Happiness and that of Posterity. It would be in vain to think of doing it without help from the Antients, amongst whom none has touch'd that Passion more tenderly and justly than *Ovid*. He knew that he bore the Mastership in that Art ; and therefore in the Fourth Book *de Tristibus*, when he would give some Account of himself to future Ages,

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he calls himself *Tenerorum Lufor Amorum*, as if he glory'd principally in the Descriptions he had made of that Passion. He tells us he was a Native of *Sulmo*, a City of the *Peligni*, about ninety Miles to the North-East of *Rome*: That it was call'd so from *Solymus*, a Companion of *Æneas*, who was the Founder of it about four hundred Year before the building of that City. This *Solymus* married a Daughter of *Æneas*, who brought four with him from *Troy*: The first he left married in *Thrace*, the second in *Peloponnesus*, and the third in *Epirus*. *Ovid*, in the second Book of his *Elegies*, inviting his Mistress to *Sulmo*, describes it as one of the most charming Places that could be to divert the Summer's Heat; refresh'd with Streams of Water, rich Pastures, Corn, Grapes, Olives, and Shade in abundance. *Hercules Ciofannus*, a Native of the Place, has given a large and accurate Account of it before his excellent Observations upon *Ovid's* Works, which deserv'd the Commendations of *Muretus*, *Manutius* and *Melissus*, the greatest Wits of that time. *Ovid* was born on the Day when the two Consuls, *Hirtius* and *Pansa*, were slain at *Modena*, fighting against *Mark Antony*, who had

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had been declared an Enemy to the People of Rome; which was on the twenty first of March, in the 710th Year after the building of that City. *Lucius*, his Father, was a Roman Knight of an antient Family, which had preserv'd that Dignity from the Original of the Order. *Ovid* had a Brother exactly a Year older than himself, nam'd *Lucius*. They were both sent to Rome for their Education under the best Masters, where the eldest improv'd much in the Studies of the Law; and was Master of a vigorous and manly Eloquence: But our *Publius* says, there seem'd to himself something that was sacred and celestial in the Muses, which stole all his Inclinations; and tho' he consider'd his Father's Advice, which told him of the Unprofitableness of that Study, and laid before him the miserable Poverty of *Homer*, and therefore endeavour'd to turn his Style to Prose, yet Verses would be intermix'd, and the Words fall into Numbers without, or even against his Will: Such was his natural Genius and Easiness, that he could no more refrain 'em, than a large Spring can hinder itself from sending forth a pleasing River. At twenty Years old his Brother died, for whom he complains as

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having lost a Companion and a Friend. By this means he became Heir to a large Patrimony in the Territories of *Sulmo*, and to a House in that City, where there is now the Church of *Sancta Maria de Tumba*; as also to another House in *Rome* near the *Capitol*, where is at present the Church of *Sancta Maria della Consolazione*; as likewise to pleasant Orchards upon the Hills between the *Flaminian* and *Claudian* Ways, in which he might recreate himself with his Muses. In these he us'd to employ many Hours, watering them, as he tells us, with his own Hands, as being most extremely delighted with all sorts of Gardening and Husbandry. Some of his first Masters were *Plotius Grippus*, and *Marcellus* [by some styl'd *Aurelius*] *Fuscus* the Rhetorician, under whom he declaim'd to admiration, and gain'd so much Reputation, that *Marcus Annæus Seneca* reckons him amongst the principal Orators of his time. *Ovid* says, he pleaded the Causes of several Criminals with good Success, and that he several times was Arbitrator, and manag'd matters so impartially, that the very Persons against whom he decreed, applauded his Justice. He bore such Offices as his Dignity requir'd, and gave Sentences

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in such Judicatories as by Law he was call'd to ; but did never aspire to be a Senator, as having a Body not fitted for Labour, nor a Mind patient enough to sustain the Cares of Ambition. He was of mean Stature, slender of Body, spare of Diet, and, if not too amorous, every way temperate. He drank no Wine but what was much allay'd with Water ; neat in Apparel ; of a free, affable, and courtly Behaviour. He took the Resolution of spending his time with Persons most noted for Worth and Learning, amongst whom *Cornelius Gallus*, a most wealthy and noble Roman, and *Marcus Varro*, were his Patrons ; *Julius Græcinus*, an eminent Grammarian, and that famous Author *Julius Hyginus*, Keeper of the *Palatine Library*, were his particular Friends. He was so great an Admirer of *Portius Latro* and his Sayings, that he made use of many of them in his Verses. His chief Delight was in the Conversation of the Poets of his time, and he never thought himself blest but in their Company ; either when he was learning the Nature of Birds and Serpents, and the Virtue of Herbs, from *Macer* ; or the Charms of Love's Fires from *Propertius* ; or Heroick Actions of the *Theban War*,

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War, equal to that of *Troy*, from *Ponticus*; or the Reproof of Vice and Folly from the *Iambicks* of *Bassus*; or lastly, all Variety of Learning and Numbers from the Lyre of *Horace*, to whom his list'ning Ear was the more attentive, because he first brought the Lyrick Measures amongst the *Romans*, for which he had sufficient cause to glory. As *Ovid* paid due regard to the Poets that preceded him, so he lets us know that he did not want fitting Respect from those that were younger than himself. He complains, not without reason, that he had only a sight of *Virgil*, and that Death hinder'd the Friendship that had else been between him and *Tibullus*, to whom he gives the second Place amongst the Elegiack Poets, as being Successor to *Gallus*: He makes *Propertius* the third, and was himself the youngest. He began to write very soon, and had a Reputation before the Age that others generally appear'd in the World. He owns he had a Heart that easily took fire, and that Love was the Subject of his Verses: But it was without Reflection or Disreputation to any one, tho' some People pretended to find out who the Person was conceal'd under the feign'd

The PREFACE.

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feign'd Name of *Corinna*. He had wrote his Heroical Epistles before such time as the Regard he bore to *Marcus Varro* made him accept of a Command, and serve under him in *Asia*. In his Return from thence he made a stay at *Athens*, where he attain'd to the utmost Exactness in the *Greek Tongue*: From thence he went to *Alexandria*, and in both these Places undoubtedly furnish'd himself with those vast Mines and huge Stores of *Græcian* and *Ægyptian* Learning, and all that History, Poetry, and most occult Philosophy, which appear in all his Works, but especially in his *Metamorphosis*. *Macer* the Poet, before mention'd, was his Companion in these Travels. Having seen most of the *Asiatick* Cities, they came into *Sicily* together, and diverted themselves there for almost a Year's space with the Rarities of that Country. He had three Wives, the first when he was not quite sixteen Years old, from whom, as he says, for sufficient Reasons, he was divorc'd; and so likewise from the second, not for any real Blame in her, but for Dislike, according to the Licentiousness of the Times: But he extols often the Chastity and Beauty of the last, whom he

instructed in Poetry, and entirely affected, she continuing inviolably constant to him, daring all his Misfortunes, notwithstanding many importunate Sollicitations. By the last he had a Daughter nam'd *Perilla*, married to *Cornelius Fidus*, by whom she had two Children. He continued long in favour at the Court of *Augustus*, till in the fiftieth Year of his Age he fell under the Emperor's Displeasure. The Reason is unknown at this time, and of little use to conjecture; tho' he says that at *Rome* every one was acquainted with it. He seems satisfy'd that he had buried his Father, being ninety Years old, and his Mother likewise, being antient, soon after him, that so their Old Age might not be griev'd at his Misfortunes. He expresses all the Duty to them that so good-natur'd a Son could do possibly, and if he could, would make their Shades sensible, that it was an *Error*, and not a *Crime*, for which he suffer'd. He receiv'd Commands to retire to *Tomos*, a City of *Sarmatia* bordering on the *Euxine* Sea; For *Cæsar* would not give it so harsh a Name as Banishment. He had a Ship of his own in the Bay of *Corinth*, on which he made his Voyage to the *Euxine*, and then perform'd

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perform'd the rest of his Journey on foot to a Place the utmost and most inhospitable of any that a *Roman* had ever been confin'd to. He complains of the Dangers and Miseries of his Passage, and the Injustice of his Companions and Servants: But, resolv'd that his Spirit should not sink under his Misfortunes, he made use of his Resolution to overcome them, and prevail'd so far as to conquer his Temper that had been too much given up to ease; and began to pass his Days in some Content by means of those Verses which he made for his own satisfaction, without any hopes of their coming to the perusal of others. And in this Adversity of the Poet his Character appears with the greatest Lustre: Here he shews a Courage undaunted, a Spirit not to be cast down, a Constancy of Love to the Partner of his Bed, and a Friendship inviolable to those Persons of Honour that he had confided in, many of which were of Consular Dignity. He often solicited his Repeal by the Mediation of *Germanicus Cæsar*, and others, or that he might at least be remov'd to some more temperate Climate: But he says his Hopes forlook him upon the Death of *Augustus*. Yet in the sixth

Year of his Confinement he still continued to solicit it, and to these Ends his Writings out of *Pontus* were design'd : In one of them to his Wife, he undertakes to shew her, that his Expedition was more dangerous than that which *Jason* made for the Golden Fleece ; as likewise in another to *Pedo Albinovanus*, a famous Poet, that he had undergone more than *Ulysses* in all his twenty Years : Ingeniously thus contriving to bring either of those noble Subjects to be comprehended in one of his short Epistles. Some of these Letters were to his Relations, as *Rufus Fundanus*, his Wife's Uncle ; *Snillius* that had married his Wife's Daughter ; to *Salanus* and *Seuerus*, eminent Poets ; to his Friends *Rufinus*, *Gallio*, *Tuticanus*, *Atticus*, with whom he had been most intimate, and many others : as to *Maximus Cotta*, who first sent him a most elegant Oration, and then the Images of *Augustus*, *Tiberius*, and *Livia*, which were a Sight in those Parts that occasion'd great Veneration. He writes to *Vestalis*, then Governour of *Pontus*, sprang from *Daunus*, and the *Alpin* Kings ; as likewise to *Cotys*, the Son of *Cotys* King of *Thrace*, who was then warring upon the *Getes*

to enlarge his Territories, that he might be protected from those Incurfions; and this, amongst others, he prays from the Topick of Poetry, to which that Prince it seems was much addicted. He writes likewise to *Gracianus*, one of his eldest Acquaintance, to congratulate him upon his being design'd Consul; as likewise to *Sextus Pompeius*, when he had the like View of that Dignity; and at the same time acknowledges, that his Life, and the Continuance of it, had been owing to his good Offices. Nor did he omit writing to *Messalinus*, Son to a celebrated Orator of that Name, and a great Favourite in the Court of *Augustus*: But one that he most rely'd on was *Fabius Maximus*, a Man of the greatest Honour, that would not desert a Friend for the Frowns of Fortune; especially one that, as *Ovid* had done, had lov'd and regarded him from the very time of his Birth, and had been dependant upon that Family, and especially his Father, who was a Person famous for his Eloquence as well as his great Dignity, and was the first Patron of *Ovid's* Muse, having encourag'd him to venture his Compositions to try their Success in Publick. But he lost
this

this good Friend in the fifth Year of his Confinement; and therefore his Expectation of Relief was more entirely thrown upon the Confidence he had in the Generosity of *Brutus*, to whom he wrote many pathetick Letters on that Occasion. In the midst of the *Getick Wars* his good Humour gain'd so far upon their barbarous Nature, that they became conversible with him; so that he attain'd their Language to Perfection, and made it submit to Numbers so far, that he wrote a Poem in it. In an Epistle to *Carnus*, who was Tutor to the two *Cæsars*, he tells him the Subject was the Praises of *Augustus*: That he taught them, that tho' the Body of *Augustus* was mortal, yet his Divine part was gone to the Heavens: That his Successor *Tiberius* was equal to the Virtues of his Father, tho' his Modesty would have made him refuse the Title of Emperor: That it was questionable whether *Livia*, reputed as the *Vesta* of her time for her Modesty, was more happy and glorious in a Husband or a Son. That no Family could be better supported than the Emperor's by two such Sons as *Germanicus* and *Drusus*. He recited all this and much more

to

to the Barbarians, who by warlike Signs testified their Applause: They exempted him from all publick Burthens: They even against his Will set Garlands upon his Head, and us'd him in all respects as kindly as his own Countrymen would have done: Therefore he did not solicit a Removal out of any Dislike to the People of the Place, but for the Inclemency of the Climate. He must certainly have been a Person universally belov'd; for he had that Happiness, that Envy never pretended to criticise upon any of his Writings; for as he paid due Veneration to Antiquity and the Learned Men of the time, so he owns that his Readers, whilst he was living, gave him such a Portion of Fame, as he rightly judg'd would last him to all Posterity. As his Birth was reported to have happen'd with that of *Tibullus*, one the most Polite, the other the most Ingenious of the Elegiack Poets; so *Livy* is said to have died the same Day with him, being the first of *January*, that in both he might be most nobly and honourably accompany'd. Some Authors think that he died at *Tomos* in the fifth Year of *Tiberius*. Some say he liv'd seven Years, nine Months,

Months, and eleven Days; others eight Years, and some Months; others nine, and others ten Years under his Misfortunes. All which may be the more uncertain, since we have none of his Works since his fourth Book of his Letters from *Pontus*, which were wrote in the 6th Year. As he was honour'd when living, so his Funerals were celebrated by the *Getes* with universal Sorrow. He was, as says *Ensebius*, buried near the Gates of the City, where a Monument was erected for him hard by a Lake which retains his Name. His Sepulchre is reported by *Abraham Ortelius*, who cites *Gaspar Bruschius* for his Author, to have been found in the Year 1508. with a magnificent Coverture, on which was this Epitaph.

Fatum Necessitatis Lex.

Hic situs est Vates, quem divi Caesaris ira

Augusti, patria cedere jussit humo.

Sæpe miser voluit patriis occumbere terris,

Sed frustra hunc illi fata dedere locum.

The PREFACE.

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As translated by Mr. Sandys.

Fate the Law of Necessity.

Here lies that Living Poet, by the Rage

Of Great Augustus banished from Rome,

Who in his Country sought to interr his Age,

But vainly: Fate hath lodg'd him in this

Tombe.

Isabella Queen of Hungary, about the Year 1540. show'd to Petrus Angelus Barceus, when he was at Belgrade, a Silver Pen with this Inscription, Ovidii Nasonis Calamus; denoting that it had belong'd to Ovid. This had not long before been found amongst some old Ruins, and she esteem'd it as a venerable Piece of Antiquity. That Elegant Poet Cælius Calcagninus, when he was in Sarmatia, wrote an Elegy, wherein he describes the Manners of the Scythians, and says, that not only Tomisvar, but other Places contend for the Residence of Ovid, and that the Pen remains wherewith he us'd to relieve his tedious Hours in those Regions, where Cælius testi-
fies

fies all to be true that *Ovid* has recorded of them. And certainly never any two Poets had a Muse more like than these, so fitted to the Elegiack Style. *Calcagninus* has a Rarity in his Works not easily to be found elsewhere, a Copy of Verses all Pentameters; which whether they are not too soft, may be a question; however, being short, shall be transcrib'd, tho' not attempted in *English*.

*Defle Amor ad Tumulum, solve Elegera
Comas;*

Myrrha, tuos crines; pone, Hyacinthe tuos.

Quintia obit, sed non Quintia sola obiit.

Risus obit, obiit Gratia, Lusus obit:

Quintia obit, sed cum Quintia & ipse obit.

Nec mea nunc anima in pectore sed tumulo est.

Hei mihi non post hac decipietur Amor,

Cui mater crebro Quintia visa fuit,

Inque hujus posuit nescius arma sinus,

Arma, inquam, quæ me surripuere mihi.

Hen !

*Hen ! hen ! triste jugum quisquis Amoris
habet,*

Et prins ac norit se periisse perit.

Angelus Politianus, another incomparable Imitator of *Ovid*, bewails the Exile and Death of that Poet in Strains so soft and moving, that I cannot tell whether any Language but the *Latin* is capable of expressing it. *Crispinus*, the Learned Editor of the *Dauphin's Ovid*, has esteem'd it so much, as to let it be twice printed in those Volumes. Nor does *Julius Scaliger* upon the same Subject want such Strokes as were usual to so great a Master.

The Verses which *Ovid* desir'd his Wife might be upon his Tomb in large Characters, were these :

Hic ego qui jaceo tenerorum Lusor Amorum,

Ingenio perii Naso Poeta meo.

At tibi qui transis non sit grave quisquis amasti

Dicere Nasonis molliter ossa cubent.

In which he continues his Opinion, that his Mastership in the Art of Love would be his Glory, notwithstanding he had suffer'd by it, and desires every Traveller that had been in Love would wish soft Rest to his Bones, which they must do, unless they would be ungrateful.

As to his Works, his Elegies to *Corinna* were the first that were produc'd in publick, which were in five Books, but afterwards by him reduc'd to three. The Subjects sprang wholly from his own Thoughts and Imagination, nor does he seem to have borrow'd any Hint from the *Greeks*, with whose Language at that time in all probability he was not conversant. Of these, according to Mr. *Dryden*, it may be said, *That if they be compar'd with those of Tibullus and Propertius; it will be found that they seldom design'd before they writ. And tho' the Language of Tibullus be more polish'd, and the Learning of Propertius, especially in his fourth Book, more set off to Ostentation; yet their common Practice was to look no farther than the next Line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain*

The PREFACE.

xxv

certain point. But Ovid has always the Goal in his Eye, which directs him in his Race; some beautiful Design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the Means which will naturally conduct him to his End. His next Work, in probability, was his Epistles, which he asserts as his own Invention, and therefore justly glories in them. The Wit of them is so copious, that almost every two Lines may seem an Epigram. Mr. Dryden observes, That they are generally granted to be the most perfect Piece of Ovid, and that the Style of them is tenderly, passionate, and courtly; two Properties well agreeing with the Persons who are Heroines and Lovers. His next was his *Art of Love* in three Books, concerning which it is hop'd at present, that tho' heretofore they fell under the Displeasure of *Augustus*; yet that now they are so manag'd, as that they may venture within the Virge of the Court without any forbiddance. About the same time came forth his two Books of the *Remedies of Love*, and a finall one of the *Improvement of the Face*; and some few such Pieces as that upon the *Nut-Tree*, and perhaps
b some

some others. I suppose these to have been all done before his Travels into *Greece* and *Egypt*, in which he made Collections out of Multitudes of Authors (besides *Parthenius* of *Chios*, who treated on a like Subject) to compile his fifteen Books of *Metamorphosis*, than which all Authors agree that nothing can be more ingenious; nothing more Excellent, Artificial, or Graceful than the Contexture of Fable with Fable, which in such diversity of Matter are so cunningly woven together, that all appear but one Series. Yet as he was going into Banishment, out of Vexation at his own Poetry, which was assign'd (tho' only colourably) to have been the Cause of it, he was resolv'd to burn them. But there were too many Copies got abroad, and therefore he excuses the Faults that may be in them, as not having received his last Correction: And yet they are some of the most beautiful things that we have receiv'd from the Antients. As most Persons that love Poetry some time or another venture upon the Stage; so *Ovid* shew'd what he could perform that way in a Tragedy call'd *Medea*, which is now lost, but was then receiv'd

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ceiv'd with great Applause. *Cornelius Tacitus* thinks that neither *Afinius* nor *Messala*, in any of their Compositions, came up to the *Medea* of *Ovid*: And *Quintilian* says, that by that Tragedy the Poet shews how much he was able to do, when he would rather temper than indulge his Wit. After his Dismission from Court he had occasion to make use of a Satyrical Style, which he always before had industriously avoided; but it was upon high provocation; and yet he does it under the conceal'd Name of *Ibis*. He is suppos'd to have wrote it in full Passion, either in his Voyage, or as soon as he came to the *Euxine* Shore, against a Person that took occasion from his Misfortunes to scandalize and reproach him; to make his Wife uneasy, to endeavour to reduce him to the utmost Poverty by depriving him of his Estate, which *Augustus* had entirely left him; for which Clemency in many excellent Verses the Poet is not ungrateful. He professes to have imitated *Callimachus*, who falls upon *Apollonius Rhodius* in a Poem under the same Title. There can nothing include

more of the antient Fable and History than this small Work ; especially of such as have come to any fatal Mischances. To alleviate his Misfortunes he wrote his five Books *de Tristibus*, which are a sort of Epistles ; but to Persons he thought, for some Reasons, it would then be improper to name. As likewise his four Books of Letters from *Pontus*, addrest to Persons of the highest Quality, as beforemention'd, from whom he expected at least some Hopes of the Relaxation of his Punishment. In all these the Serenity of his Mind, the Justness of the Thought, the Clearness and Propriety of the Expression, the Evenness of the Numbers, the tender moving of Compassion, intermix'd with various Topicks of persuasive Eloquence, have made *Bellori* affirm, that *Ovid* has made his very Grief delightful ; and that whether he was upon the Banks of *Tiber*, or upon those of the *Danube*, yet he still seem'd to be in the midst of *Helicon*. It was here that *Ovid* compos'd his twelve Books of the *Fasti* ; which is as much as to say, he put the Roman Almanack and Kalendar into Verse : A bold Undertaking ; and yet in
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The PREFACE. xxix

the six Books that remain, there is not only the most exact Description of the *Roman* Ceremonies, Customs, and Antiquities; but in so obscure, barren, and dry a Subject, he has proceeded with all the Perspicuity, Copiousness, splendid Ornaments, and beautiful Descriptions that can be imagin'd. In-
somuch that *Heinsius* thinks nothing can be more easy, plain, and natural, than the Story of *Lucrece*, where the Impatience of Young *Tarquin* and his Companions, and the Speed of their Horses in carrying them to *Rome*, does not come up to that quickness of Thought which *Ovid* shews in his comprehensive Verses. In this Retirement *Ovid* likewise began his *Halientica*, or Book of Fishes; for it is a question whether he ever finish'd it: But by that which remains it appears to have been an excellent and most useful History of Nature; wherein he describ'd many sorts that were in that Sea, with their wonderful Qualities, whose very Names had before been unknown to *Pliny*, that most industrious Naturalist among the *Romans*. This Subject *Oppian* afterward pursu'd in *Greek* Verse, and dedicated to the

Emperor *Antoninus*. *Ovid* tells us of another Work that he compos'd in *Pontus*, which was *The Triumph of Germanicus*, which, in his Epistles from thence to *Salanus* and *Rufinus*, he recommends to their Protection. But this is lost, as were several others, amongst which may be reckon'd his Consolation to *Livia* upon the Death of *Drusus*, from whence *Seneca* has made use of many things in his Consolations: His Epigrams mention'd by *Priscian* and *Martial*: His Book de *Phænomenis*, spoken of by *Probus* and *Lactantius*: His Book against Poetafters, quoted by *Quintilian*: A Collection of Prophecies, and two Books of the War of *Actium* dedicated to *Tiberius Cæsar*, but not compleated. At his Departure from *Rome* he threw many things into the Fire, which he believ'd afterwards might have given Satisfaction to the Reader, if they had not met with such an irretrievable Condemnation. There are several other things attributed to him; as, the Panegyrick to *Piso*, the *Nightingale*, the *Flea*, and a Poem about an Old Woman, in three Books, which being very silly, is very scarce;

but *Crispinus* tells us, the foolish Author wou'd impose it upon the World as if it were as true as Gospel. In all his Works *Ovid's* Wit is acknowledg'd to be luxuriant, which his riper Age would have corrected in his *Metamorphosis*: But he shows how difficult it would have been to him by the Letters which he continued to write in his Exile with the utmost Exuberance of Thought and Expression. *Scaliger* and Mr. *Dryden* differ upon the Point, whether *Ovid* knew how to leave off when he had well begun; but then Mr. *Dryden* describes him as *varying the same Sense a hundred Ways*, and yet that the most severe Censor cannot but be pleas'd with the Prodigality of his Wit: That every thing which he does becomes him, and if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret Gracefulness of Youth which accompanies his Writings. In *Ovid's* Style is a native Simplicity, which whoever goes about to mend, will find he corrupts it. He says more by Nature than Art can come up to. What he does seems to be produc'd without Pain; but it would be in vain for the greatest Labour to attempt it. *Scaliger* takes

notice, that using the same Word or Expression too often is a Fault of some Authors that pretend to be correct; but that the Princes of the Poets, *Virgil* and *Ovid*, are free from the Suspicion of it. The Observation is just, and yet *Ovid* shews how great a Master he was of Words by his repeating them even to advantage, as in those most sweet Verses of *Phyllis* to *Demophoon*.

Credidimus blandis, quorum tibi Copia, verbis;

Credidimus generi, nominibusque tuis.

Credidimus lacrymis; an & hæc simulare docentur?

Hæ quoque habent artes, quæque jubentur, eunt.

Diis quoque credidimus: quo jam tot pig-nora nobis?

Parte satis potui qualibet inde capi.

Which, amongst the most Ingenious Versions of the Epistles, I find thus translated by Mr. Pooley:

I foolish.

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*I foolishly believ'd the Oaths you swore,
The Race you boasted, and the Gods you bore,
Who cou'd have thought such gentle Words e'er
hung
Upon a treacherous and deluding Tongue?
I saw your Tears, and I believ'd them all:
Can they lye too, and are they taught to fall?
What needed all that numerous Perjury?
One was enough to one that lov'd like me.*

Some have thought that he had too much Compassion for his own Failings, and that he rather lov'd than would any ways correct them. Seneca tells us, that being desir'd by his Friends to leave out of his Works only three Verses, he comply'd, on condition that he might save three. Both Parties wrote, and put the Lines into the Arbitrator's Hands, which being produc'd, prov'd to be the same. Two of them are recorded
by

by *Pedo Albinovanus* the Poet, and his great Friend, who was there present; which were these:

Semibovemque virum, semivirumque bovem.

Sed gelidum Borean, egelidumque Notum.

Whereby it appears that his admirable Wit did not want an answerable Judgment in suppressing the Liberties of his Verse, if he had not affected it: And he was us'd to say, that a Mole did not misbecome a good Face, but made it more lovely. However *Ovid* has had the greatest Character among the Learned in all Ages: For, besides the many Great Names before mentioned, *Velleius Paterculus*, a curious Judge, joins him with *Tibullus*, as the two Persons that had brought their Poems to perfection. By *Martial* and others he is plac'd with *Virgil*, as being both consummate in their Way. The Fathers *Lactantius*, *St. Jerom*, and *St. Austin* have not deny'd his *Metamorphosis* its just Commendation. *Planudes* translated it into *Greek*, to restore that Learning, part of which had been

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been brought from thence, back again to his own Country. *Stephens* most justly esteems him the best Painter amongst the Poets. *Heinsius* thought, that whoever would be drawn to the Life must sit to him. And *Raphael Regius* says, that his Commanders, their Stratagems, and their Battels, are so touch'd by his Pencil, that whoever views them attentively, will imagine himself so engag'd, as to take part in their Conflicts. And then no Poet has more naturally describ'd the Manners of the Persons he mentions, nor is more sententious, nor better expatiates upon the Common Places of Morality; as Temperance, Friendship, Love of his Country, Labour, Valour, Learning, Honesty, Contempt of Wealth, Decay of outward Beauty, and Hopes of a lasting Reputation rais'd by Virtue. It may from this small Remark be seen what Opinion the World had of this Author, and how acceptable he was to them, when the same *Regius*, who wrote the first Comment on the *Metamorphosis*, vented fifty thousand of them in his Life-time. His Person was in so great favour in his Prosperity, that his Picture was cut in precious Stones,
and

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and worn by them in their Rings. He mentions one of them with a Crown of Ivy on his Head, which in one of his melancholy Letters he says was no longer a fitting Ornament for him; and he speaks of another set in a Ring of Gold. Our Ingenious Countryman Mr. *Sandys* tells us he had seen his Figure in a Cornelian of exquisite Workmanship, and an old Medal of Silver stamp'd with his Image; and those he has plac'd before his Translation of the *Metamorphosis*. *Hercules Ciofannus* gives it us as delineated from an antient Marble found at *Sulmo*, and given him by his Friend *Julius Agapetus*. *Ursinus* has a Head of him in his Collections. There are several others; one from an antient Medal in the *Dutch* Edition; another in the *Dauphin's*; but the most excellent, and that seems to approach nearest to the Character of the Original, is that represented by *Peter Bellori*, Library-keeper and Antiquary to the Queen of *Sweden*, amongst his Images of antient Philosophers, Poets, and Orators, set out in the Year 1685. the Esteem which his most Learned Excellency *Spanhemius* has shew'd for it in his Dissertations, will make others regard

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regard it. The Medal is of Brass, with *Ovid's* Head on one side, and on the Reverse the Head of *Menander Parrhasius*, who caus'd this Monument to be made for Posterity. *Nicolaus Heinsius*, in his last Edition of *Ovid*, prefixt this Head to it, as he receiv'd it from that exquisite Treasure of Medals collected by *Felicia Rondanina*, a most noble and Learned Roman Matron. It is hop'd that the Graver has done his part in the present Frontispiece: However, the Generosity and Goodnature of *Sir Andrew Fountain*, in communicating it out of his great Stock of Learned Curiosities, is not the less to be gratefully acknowledg'd.

There has been in this Preface so much said of *Ovid*, that there may be less Room to speak of the following Imitation. It is at least such a one as *Mr. Dryden* mentions: To be an Endeavour of a latter Poet to write like one who has written before him on the same Subject; that is, not to translate his Words, or be confin'd to his Sense, but only to set him as a Pattern, and to write as he supposes that Author would have done, had he liv'd in our Age and in our Country. But he dares not say that *Sir John Denham*,

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Denham, or Mr. Cowley, have carried this *Libertine way*, as the latter calls it, so far as this *Definition* reaches. But, alas! the present Imitator has come up to it, if not perhaps exceeded it. Sir John Denham had *Virgil*, and Mr. Cowley had *Pindar* to deal with, who both wrote upon lasting Foundations: But the present Subject being *Love*, it would be unreasonable to think of too great a Confinement to be laid on it. And tho' the *Passion* and *Grounds* of it will continue the same through all *Ages*, yet there will be many little *Modes*, *Fashions*, and *Graces*, ways of *Complaisance* and *Address*, *Entertainments* and *Diversions*, which *Time* will vary. Since the *World* will expect new things, and *Persons* will write, and the *Antients* have so great a *Fund* of *Learning*, whom can the *Moderns* take better to copy than such *Originals*? It is most likely they may not come up to them; but it is a thousand to one but their *Imitation* is better than any clumsy *Invention* of their own. Whoever undertakes this way of *Writing*, has as much reason to understand the true *Scope*, *Genius*, and *Force* of the *Expressions* of his *Author*, as a *litteral Translator*: And
after

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after all, he lies under this Misfortune, that the Faults are all his own; and if there is any thing that may seem pardonable, the *Latin* at the bottom shews to whom he is engag'd for it. An Imitator and his Author stand much upon the same Terms as *Ben* does with his Father in the Comedy: *What sh'of he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice to 'em.* There were many Reasons why the Imitator transpos'd several Verses of *Ovid*, and has divided the whole into Fourteen Parts rather than keep it in Three Books: These may be too tedious to be recited; but, among the rest, some were, that Matters of the same Subject might lie more compact; that too large a Heap of Precepts together might appear too burthensome; and therefore (if small Matters may allude to greater) as *Virgil* in his *Georgicks*, so here most of the Parts end with some remarkable Fable, which carries with it some Moral: Yet if any Persons please to take the Six first Parts as the first Book, and divide the Eight last, they may make Three Books of them again. There have by chance some twenty Lines crept into the Poem out of the *Remedy of Love*, which (as inanimate things

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things are generally the most wayward and provoking) since they would stay, have been suffer'd to stand there. But as for the Love here mention'd, it being all Prudent, Honourable and Virtuous, there is no need of any Remedy to be prescrib'd for it, but the speedy obtaining of what it desires. Should the Imitator's Style seem not to be sufficiently restrain'd, should he not have afforded Pains for Review or Correction, let it be consider'd, that perhaps even in that he desir'd to imitate his Author, and would not peruse them; lest, as some of *Ovid's* Works were, so these might be committed to the Flames: But he leaves that for the Reader to do, if he pleases, when he has bought 'em.

There are several Errata's ; but there is one unaccountable one of How for Scroop, which the Reader is desired to amend.



THE
ART of LOVE:

In Imitation of

Ovid *De Arte Amandi.*

* **W**hoever knows not what it is to Love;
Let him but read these Verses, and
improve.

Swift Ships are rul'd by Art, and Oars, and Sails :
Skill guides our Chariots, Wit o'er Love prevails.

* Si quis in hoc artem populo non novit amandi;
Me legat, & lecto carmine doctus amet.
Arte citæ veloque rates remoque reguntur,
Arte leves currus, arte regendus amor.

The Art of Love.

Automedon with Reins let loose could fly,
Tiphys with *Argo's* Ship cut Waves and Sky-
 In Love Affairs I'm Charioteer of Truth,
 And surest Pilot to incautious Youth.
 Love's hot, unruly, eager to enjoy ;
 But then consider he is but a Boy.
Chiron with pleasing Harp *Achilles* tam'd,
 And his rough Manners with soft Musick fram'd.
 Tho' he'd in Council storm, in Battle rage,
 He bore a secret Reverence for Age.
Chiron's Command with strict Obedience ties
 The Sinewy Arm by which brave *Hector* dies.

Curribus *Automedon* lentisque erat apus habenis.
Tiphys in *Amonia* puppe magister erat.
 Me *Venus* artificem tenero præfecit amori,
Tiphys & *Automedon* dicar amoris ego.
 Ille quidem ferus est, & qui mihi sæpe repugnat :
 Sed puer est, ætas mollis, & apta regi.
Phillyrides puerum citharâ perfecit *Achillem*.
 Atque animos molli contudit arte feros.
 Qui toties socios, toties perterritus hostes,
 Creditur annosum pertimuisse senem.
 Quas *Hector* sensurus erat, poscente magistro,
 Verberibus iussas præbuit ille manus.

That

The Art of Love.

3

That was His Task, but fiercer Love is mine :
They both are Boys, and sprung from Race Divine.
The stiff-neck'd Bull does to the Yoke submit,
And the most fiery Courser champs the Bit :
So Love shall yield. I own I've been his Slave,
But conquer'd where my Enemy was brave :
And now he darts his Flames without a Wound,
And all his whistling Arrows die in Sound.
Nor will I raise my Fame by hidden Art,
In what I teach sound Reason shall have part :
For Nature's Passion cannot be destroy'd,
But moves in Virtue's Path when well imploy'd.

*Æacidæ Chiron, ego sum præceptor amoris,
Sævus uterque puer, natus uterque Deus.
Sed tamen & tauri cervix operatur aratro,
Frænaque magnanimi dente teruntur equi.
Et mihi ceder amor, quamvis mea vulneret arcu
Pectora, jactatas excutiatque faces.
Quò me sensit amor, quò me violentiùs uffit ;
Hoc melior facti vulseris ultor ero.
Non ego, Phœbe, datas a te mihi mentior artes,
Nec nos æriæ voce monemur avis.
Non mihi sunt visæ Clio, Cliaque sorores,
Servanti pecudés vallibus Ascræ ruis.*

Yet still 'twill be convenient to remove
 The Tyranny and Plagues of Vulgar Love.
 May Infant Chastity, grave Matrons Pride,
 A Parents Wish, and Blushes of a Bride,
 Protect this Work, so guard it, that no Rhyme
 In Syllable or Thought may vent a Crime.
 The Soldier that Love's Armor would defy
 Will find his greatest Courage is to fly :
 When Beauty's amorous Glances Parley beat,
 The only Conquest then is to retreat :
 But if the Treacherous Fair pretend to yield,
 'Tis present Death unless you quit the Field.

Usus opus movet hoc, vati parete perito ;
 Vera canam, cœptis mater amoris ades.
 Este procul virtutis tœnes, insignis pudoris,
 Quæque tegis medios inslita longa pedes.
 Nos Venerem tutam, concessaque furta canemus :
 Inque meo nullum carmine crimen erit.
 Principio, quod amare velis, reperire labora,
 Qui nova nunc primum miles in arma venis.
 Proximus huic labor est, placitam exorare puellam :
 Tertius, ut longo tempore duret amor.
 Hic modus : hac nostro signabitur area curru :
 Hæc erit admissa meta terenda rota.

Whilst

Whilst Youth and Vanity would make you range,
Think on some Beauty may prevent your Change.
But such by falling Skies are never caught,
No Happiness is found but what is sought.
The Huntsman learns where Does trip o'er the Lawn,
And where the foaming Boar secures his Brawn.
The Fowlers Low-Bell robs the Lark of Sleep,
And they who hope for Fish must search the Deep.
And he that Fuel seeks for chaste Desire
Must search where Virtue may that Flame inspire.
To foreign Parts there is no need to roam ;
The Blessing may be met with nearer home.

Dum licet, & loris passim pores ire solutis,
Elige cui dicas, Tu mihi sola places.
Hæc tibi non veniet tenuis delapsa per auras :
Quærenda est oculis apta puella ruis.
Scit benè venator, cervis ubi retia tendat :
Scit bene, qua frendens valle moretur aper.
Aucupibus noti frutices : qui sustinet hamos,
Novit quæ multo pisce natentur aquæ.
Tu quoque materiam longo qui quæris amori,
Antè, frequens quo sis, discè, puella loco.
Non ego quærentem venis dare vela jubebo :
Nec tibi, ut invenias, longa terenda via est.

From *India* some, others from neighbouring *France*
 Bring tawny Skins, and Puppets that can Dance,
 The *Seat of British Empire* does contain
 Beauties that o'er the conquer'd Globe will reign,
 As fruitful Fields with Plenty bless the Sight,
 And as the Milky Way adorns the Night :
 So That does with those graceful Nymphs abound,
 Whose Dove-like Softness is with Roses crown'd.
 There tend'rest Blooms inviting Softness spread,
 Whilst by their smallest Twine the Captive's led.
 There Youth advanc'd in Majesty does shine,
 Fit to be Mother to a Race Divine.

(Andromedem Perseus nigris portavit ab Indis,
 Raptaque sit Phrygio Graji puella viro)
 Tot tibi tamque dabit formosas Roma puellas :
 Hæc habet, ut dicas, quicquid in orbe fuit.
 Gargara quot segetes, quot habet Methymna racemos,
 Equore quot pisces, fronde reguntur aves,
 Quot cælum stellas, tot habet tua Roma puellas :
 Mater & Æneæ constat in urbe sui.
 Seu caperis primis & adhuc crescentibus annis ;
 Ante oculos veniet vera puella tuos.
 Sive petis juvenem ; juvenes tibi mille placebunt :
 Cogaris voti nescius esse tui.

No Age in Matrons, no Decay appears;
By Prudence only there you guess at Years.

^a Sometimes you'll see these Beauties seek the Shade
By lofty Trees in Royal Gardens made;
Or at *St. James's* where a Noble Care
Makes all things pleasing like himself appear:
Or *Kensington* sweet Air and blest Retreat
Of Him, that owns a Sovereign, tho' Most Great.

^b Sometimes in wilder Groves by Chariots drawn
They view the noble Stag and tripping Fawn.

Seu te forte juvat sera & sapientior ætas;
Hoc quoque (crede mihi) crebrius agmen erit.
^a Tu modo Pompeia lentus spatiare sub umbra,
Cum sol Herculei terga Leonis adit:
Aut, ubi muneribus nati sua munera mater
Addidit, externo marmore dives opus.
Nec tibi videretur, quæ piscis sparsa tabellis
Porticus auctoris Livia nomen habet.
Quaque parare necem miseris patruelibus ausa
Belides, & stricto barbarus ense pater.
^b Nec te prætereat Veneri ploratus Adonis,
Cultaque Judæo septima sacra viro:

On *Hide-Park's* Circles if you chance to gaze,
The Lights revolving strike you with amaze.

^c To *Bath* and *Tunbridge* they sometimes retreat,
With Waters to dispel the parching Heat;
But Youth with Reason there may oft admire
That which may raise in him a nobler Fire;
Until the Fair relieves the Torment he endures,
Caus'd at that Water which all others cures,

^d Sometimes at Marriage Rites you may espy,
Their Charms protected by a Mother's Eye,

Nec fuge Niligenæ Nemphitica sacra juvenæ,
Mulæ illa facit, quod fuit ipsa Jovi.
^c Quid tibi foemineos coetus venatibus aptos
Enumerem? numero cedit arena meo.
Quid referam Baias, prætextaque littora velis,
Et, quæ de calido sulphure fumar, aquam?
Hinc aliquis vulnus referens in pectore, dixit,
Non hæc (ut fama est) unda salubris erat.
Ecce suburbanæ templum nemorale Dianæ,
Partaque per gladios regna nocente manu.
Illa quod est virgo, quod tela cupidinis odit;
Multa dedit populo vulnera, multa dabit.
^d Et fora conveniunt (quis credere posset?) amor,
Flammaque in arguro sæpe reperta foro est;

Where

The Art of Love.

9

Where to Blest Musick they in Dances move,
With Innocence and Grace commanding Love,
But yearly when that solemn Night returns,
When grateful Incense on the Altar burns,
For closing the most glorious Day e'er seen,
That first gave light to Happy *Britain's* Queen;
Then is the time for Noble Youth to try
To make his choice with a judicious Eye,
Not Truth of foreign Realms, not Fables told
Of Nymphs ador'd, and Goddesses of old,
Equal those Beauties who that Circle frame;
A Subject fit for never-dying Fame:
Whose Gold, Pearl, Diamonds all around 'em thrown,
Yet still can add no Lustre to their own,

Subdita qua Veneris facta de marmore templo
Appias expressis aera pulsat aquis.
Illo saepe loco capitur consultus amore,
Quique aliis cavit, non caver ille sibi.

But

The Art of Love.

But when their Queen does to the Senate go,
 And they make up the Grandeur of the Show;
 Then guard your Hearts ye Makers of our Laws,
 For fear the Judge be forc'd to plead his Cause;
 Lest the submissive part should fall to you,
 And they who Suppliants help be forc'd to sue.
 Then may their yielding Hearts Compassion take,
 And grant your Wishes for your Country's sake.
 Ease to their Beauties Wounds may Goodness give,
 And since you make all happy, let you live.

• Sometimes these Beauties on New-market Plains,
 Ruling their gentle Pads with Silken Reins,
 Behold the Conflicts of the generous Steeds
 Sprung from true Blood, and well-attested Breeds.

Illo saepe loco desunt sua verba disertis,
 Resque novæ veniunt, causaque agenda sua est.
 Hunc Venus è templis, quæ sunt confinia, rider,
 Qui modo patronus, jam cupit esse cliens.
 • Nec te nobilium fugiat certamen Equorum,
 Multa capax populi commoda circus habet.

There

The Art of Love.

11

There Youth may justly with discerning Eye
Through riding *Amazonian* Habit spy
That which his swiftest Courser cannot fly,

It is no treach'rous or base piece of Art
To approve the Side with which the Fair takes part;
For equal Passion equal Minds will strike,
Either in Commendation or Dislike,
For when two Fencers ready stand to fight,
And we're Spectators of the bloody Sight,
Our nimble Passion Love has soon design'd
The Man to whom we must and will be kind,
We think the other is not fit to win:
This is our Conqueror e'er the Fight begin.

Nil opus est digitis, per quos arcana loquaris,
Nec tibi per nurus accipienda nota est.
Proximus a domina, nullo prohibente, sedeto,
Junge tuum lateri, quam potes, usque latus.
Et bene te cogit, si nolis, linea jungi,
Qua tibi tangenda est lege puella loci.
Hic tibi queratur focii sermonis origo,
Et moveant primos publica verba sonos.
Cujus equi veniant, facito studiose requiras:
Nec mora, quisquis erit, cui faveat illa, fave.

IF

If Danger dares approach him, how we start !
 Our frighted Blood runs trembling to our Heart :
 He takes the Wounds, but we endure the Smart.
 And Nature by such Instances does prove,
 That we fear most for that which most we love.
 Therefore if Chance should make her Saddle slide,
 Or any thing should slip, or be unty'd,
 Oh think it not a too officious Care
 With Eagerness to run and help the Fair.
 We offer small things to the Powers above :
 'Tis not our Merit that obtains their Love.

At cum pompa frequens certantibus ibit ephebis,
 Tu Veneri dominæ plaude favente manu.
 Utque sit, in gremium pulvis si fortè puellæ,
 Deciderit, digitis excutiendus erit.
 Et, si nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullum ;
 Quolibet officio causa sit apra tuo.
 Pallia si terræ nimium demissa jacebunt,
 Collige, & immunda sedulus effer humo.
 Protinus officii pretium, patiente puellâ,
 Contingent oculis crura videnda tuis.
 Respice præterea, post vos quicumque sedebit,
 Ne premat opposito mollia terga genu.
 Parva leves capiunt animos : fuit utile multis,
 Pulvinar facili composuisse manu.
 Profuit & tenui ventos movisse flabello,
 Et cava sub tenerum scamna dedisse pedem.

So

So when *Eliza*, whose propitious Days
 Revolving Heav'n does seem again to raise ;
 Whose Ruling Genius shew'd a Master-stroke
 In every thing she did, and all she spoke ;
 Was stepping o'er a Passage which the Rain
 Had fill'd, and seem'd as stepping back again ;
 Young *Rawleigh* scorn'd to see his Queen retreat,
 And threw his Velvet Cloak beneath her Feet.
 The Queen approv'd the Thought, and made him
 Great.

Mark when the Queen her Thanks Divine
 would give
 Midst Acclamations, that She *Long may Live* ;

Hos aditus Circusque novo præbebit amori,
 Sparsaque sollicito tristis arena foro.
 Illa sæpe puer Veneris pugnabit arenâ :
 Et qui spectavit vulnere, vulnus habet.
 Dum loquitur, tangitque manum, poscitque libellum,
 Et querit, posito pignore, vincat uter,
 Saucius ingemuit, telumque volatile sensit :
 Et pars spectari vulneris ipse fuit.
 Quid modò cum belli navalis imagine *Cæsar*
 Perfidas induxit, Cecropiasque rates ?

To whom kind Heaven the Blessing has bestow'd,
 To let her Arms succeed for *Europe's* Good.
 No Tyranny throughout the Triumph reigns,
 Nor are the Captives drag'd with ponderous Chains:
 But all declares the *British* Subjects Ease,
 And that their War is for their Neighbours Peace.

Nempe ab utroque mari juvenes, ab utroque puellas
 Venere, atque ingens orbis in urbe fuit.
 Quis non invenit turba quod amaret in illa?
 Illeu quam multos advenas forsit amor!
 Ecce parat Caesar, domito quod defuit orbi,
 Addere: nunc Oriens ultime noster eris.
 Parthe dabis poenas, Crassi gaudete sepulci,
 Signaque barbaricas non bene passa manus.
 Illor adest, primisque Ducem proficitur in annis,
 Bellaque non puero tractat agenda puer.
 Parcite natales timidi numerare Deorum:
 Caesaribus virtus contigit ante diem.
 Ingenium coeleste suis velocius annis
 Surgit, & ignavæ fert malè damna mora.
 Parvus erat, manibusque duos Tirynthius angues
 Pressit: & in cunis jam Jovis dignus erat.
 Nunc quoque, qui pueros, quantus tum Bacche fuisti,
 Cum rimuis Thyrsos India victa tuos!
 Auspiciis, annisque patris puer arma movebis,
 Ex vinces annis auspiciisque patris.
 Tale rudimentum tanto sub nomine debes;
 Nunc juvenum princeps, deinde sagure senum.
 Cum tibi sint fratres, fratres ulciscere læsos:
 Cumque pater tibi sit, jura tuere patris.
 Præbuit arma tibi genitor patriæque tuusque:
 Hostis ab invico regna parente rapit.
 Tu pia tela feres: sceleratas illa sagittas:
 Stabit pro signis jusque piumque tuus.

Then

Then whilst the Pomp of Majesty proceeds
With stately Steps, and Eight well chosen Steeds,
From every Palace Beauties may be seen,
That will acknowledge none but Her for Queen,
Then if kind Chance a lovely Maid has thrown
Next to a Youth with Graces like her own,
Much she would learn, and many Questions ask:
The Answers are the Lover's pleasing Task.

Vincuntur Parthi caussa, vincantur & armis:
Eoas Latio dux meus addat opes.
Marsque pater, Caesarque pater date numen eunti:
Est Deus & vobis aliter, & aliter erit.
Auguror en, vinces, votivaque carmina reddam:
Et magno nobis ore sonandus eris.
Confistes: aciemque meis hortabere verbis:
O desint animis ne mea verba tuis.
Tergaque Parthorum, Romanaque pectora dicam:
Telaque ab adverso quæ jacet hostis equo:
Quid fugis, ut vincas? quid victos, Parthe, relinquis?
Parthe, malum jam nunc Mars tuus omen habet.
Ergo erit illa dies, qua tu, pulcherrime rerum,
Quatuor in niveis augeas ibis equis.
Ibunt antè duces onerati colla catenis:
Ne possint tui, qua prius, esse fuga.
Spectabunt juvenes læti, mistæque puellæ:
Diffundetque animos omnibus illa dies.
Atque aliqua ex illis, dum regum nomina quæret,
Quæ loca, qui montes, quæve ferantur aquæ;
Omnia responde, nec tantum si qua rogabit:
Et quæ nescieris, ut bene nota, refer.

- " Is that the *Man* who made the *French* to fly ?
 " What Place is *Blenheim* ? Is the *Danube* nigh ?
 " Where wasn't that He with Sword victorious stood,
 " And made their trembling Squadrons chafe the
 Flood ?
 " What is the *Gold* adorns this Royal State ?
 " Is it not hammer'd all from *Vigo's* Plate ?
 " Don't it require a most prodigious Care
 " To manage Treasures in the height of War ?
 " Must he not be of calmest Truth possesst
 " Presides o'er Councils of the Royal Breast ?
 " E'nt a Sea-fight the dismal'st Scene of War ?
 " Pray, Sir, were ever you at *Gibraltar* ?
 " Has not the Emperor got some Envoy here ?
 " Won't *Danish, Swedish, Prussian* Lords appear ?
 " Who represents the Line of *Hannover* ?

Hic est Euphrates præinctus arundine frontem :

Cui coma dependet cærule, Tigris erit.

Hos fac Armenios : hæc est Damascia Persis :

Urbs in Achæmeniis vallibus ista fuit.

Don't

- “ Don't the States General assist 'em all ?
“ Wou'd we not be in Danger, shou'd they fall ?
“ If *Savoy's* Duke and Prince *Eugene* could meet
“ In this Solemnity, 'twould be complete.
“ Think you that *Barcelona* could have stood
“ Without the hazard of our noblest Blood ?
“ At *Ramellies* what Ensigns did you get ?
“ Did many Towns in *Flanders* then submit ?
“ Was it the Conqueror's Business to destroy,
“ Or was he met by all of them with Joy ?
“ Oh could my Wish but Fame Eternal give,
“ The Lawrels on those Brows should ever live !

The *British* Worth in nothing need despair,
When it has such Assistance from the Fair.
As Virtue merits, it expects Regard ;
And Valour flies where Beauty's the Reward.

Ille, vel ille, duces ; & erunt quæ nomina dicās :
Si poteris verè, si minùs, apta tamen.



THE ART of LOVE:

In Imitation of
Ovid *De Arte Amandi.*

PART II.

IN Love Affairs the Theatre has part,
That wise and most instructing Scene
of Art,
Where Vice is punish'd with a just Reward,
And Virtue meets with futable Regard;

• Sed tu præcipue curvis venare theatris
Hæc loca sunt votis fertilliora tuis.

Where

Where mutual Love and Friendship find Return,
But treacherous Insolence is hift with Scorn,
And Love's unlawful Wiles in Torment burn.

This without Blushes whilst a Virgin fees
Upon some brave Spectator Love may feize,
Who, till she sends it, never can have Ease.

As Things that were the best at first
By their Corruption grow the worst ;

The Modern Stage takes Liberties
Unseen by our Forefathers Eyes.

As Bees from Hive, from Mole-hill Ants ;

So swarm the Females and Gallants,

Illic invenies, quod ames, quod ludere possis,
Quodque semel tangas, quodque tenere velis.

Ut redit, itque frequens longum Formica per agmen,
Granifero solitum dum vehit ore cibum,

Aut ut apes, salusque suos & olentia nactæ

Pascula, per flores & thyma summa volant,

Sic ruit in celebres cultissima foemina ludos,

Copia judicium sæpe morata meum est.

All crowding to the Comedy,
 For to be seen, and not to see.
 But tho' these Females are to blame,
 Yet still they have some native Shame:
 They all are silent till they're ask'd,
 And ev'n their Impudence is mask'd:
 For Nature would be modest still,
 And there's Reluctancy in Will.
 ° Sporting and Plays had harmless been,
 And might by any one be seen,
 Till *Romulus* began to spoil 'em,
 Who kept a Palace, call'd *Asylum*;
 Where Bastards, Pimps, and Thieves and Panders,
 Were list'd all to be Commanders,

Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ,
 Ille locus casti damna pudoris habet.
 ° Primus sollicitos fecisti Romule ludos,
 Cum juvit viduos rapta Sabina viros.

But

But then the Rascals were so poor,
They could not change a Rogue for Whore ;
And neighbouring Jades resolv'd to tarry,
Rather than with such Scrubs they'd marry.
But for to cheat them, and be Wiv'd,
They knavishly a Farce contriv'd.
No guilded Pillars there were seen,
Nor was the Cloth they trod on Green.
No Ghosts came from the Cellar crying,
Nor Angels from the Garret flying.
The House was made of Sticks and Bushes,
And all the Floor was strew'd with Rushes :
The Seats were rais'd with Turf and Sods,
Whence Heroes might be view'd and Gods.

*Tunc neque marmoreo pendebant vela theatro,
Nec fuerant liquido pulpita rubra croco.
Illis, quas tulerant nemerosa palatia, frondes
Simpliciter positz; scena sine arte fuit.
In gradibus sedit populus de cespite factis,
Qualibet hirsutas fronde tegente comas,*

The Art of Love.

Paris and *Helen* was the Play,
 And how both of 'em ran away.
Romulus had his *Varlets* go
 Invite the *Sabines* to his Show.
 Unto this *Opera* no Rate is ;
 They all were free to come in *gratis* ;
 And they, as Girls will seldom miss
 A Merry Meeting, came to this.
 There was much wishing, fighting, thinking,
 Not without whispering and winking.
 Their Pipes had then no shaking Touch :
 Their Song and Dance were like the *Dutch* :
 The whole Performance was by Men,
 Because they had no Eunuchs then.

Respiciunt, oculisque notant sibi quisque puellam
 Quam velit : & tacito pectore multa movent.
 Dumque, rudem præbente modum rictuque Thulco,
 Lydius æquatam rer pede pulsar humum :
 In medio plausu (plausus tunc arte carebat)

But

But whilst the Musick briskly play'd,
Romulus at his Cue display'd
The Sign for each Man to his Maid.
Huzza! they cry; then seize: Some tremble
In real fact, tho' most dissemble.
Some are attempting an Escape,
And others softly cry a Rape;
Whilst some bawl out that they had rather
Than Twenty Pound lose an old Father.
Some look extremely Pale, and others Red;
Some wish they'd ne'er been born, or now were
Dead,
And others fairly with themselves a-bed.

Rex populo prædæ signa petenda dedit.
Protinus exillunt, animum clamore fatentes:
Virginibus cupidas injiciuntque manus.
Ut fugiunt aquilas timidissima turba columbæ,
Utque fugit visos agna novella lupos;
Sic illæ timuere viros sine lege ruentes:
Constitit in nulla, qui fuit antè, color.
Nam timor unus erat, facies non una timoris:
Pars laniat crines, pars sine mente sedet.
Altera mœsta silet: frustra vocat altera matrem.
Hæc queritur, stupet hæc, hæc fugit, illa manet.

Some Rant, Tear, Run; whilst some sit still,
 To shew they're ravish'd much against their Will.
 Thus *Rome* began, and now at last,
 After so many Ages past,
 Their Rapes and Lewdness without Shame;
 Their Vice and Villany's the same.
 Ill be their Fate who would corrupt the Stage,
 And spoil the True Corrector of the Age.

*Ducuntur raptae, genialis praeda, puellae,
 Et potuit multas ipse decere pudor.
 Siqua repugnabat nimium, comitemque negabat;
 Sublatam cupido vir tulit ipse sinu.
 Atque ita, Quid teneros lacrymis corrumpis ocellos?
 Quod matri pater est, hoc tibi, dixit, ero.
 Romule militibus scisti dare commoda solus,
 Hac mihi si dederis commoda, miles ero.
 Scilicet ex illo solennia more theatra,
 Nunc quoque formosis insidiosa manent:*



THE
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PART III.



OW learn those Arts which teach you

to obtain

Those Beauties which you see divine-
ly reign.

* Haftenus, unde legas quod ames, ubi reria tendas,
Præcipit imparibus vincta Thaleia modis.
Nunc tibi quæ placuit, quas sit capienda per artes,
Dicere præcipuæ molior artis opus,

Tho³

^b Tho' they by Nature are transcendent bright,
 And would be seen ev'n thro' the Gloom of Night ;
 Yet they their greatest Lustre still display
 In the Meridian pitch of calmest Day.
 'Tis then we Purple view, and costly Gem,
 And with more Admiration gaze on them.
 Faults seek the Dark, they who by Moon-light woo,
 May find their Fair one as inconstant too.

^c When Modesty supported is by Truth,
 There is a Boldness that becomes your Youth.

Quisquis ubique, viri faciles advertite mentes,
 Pollicitisq; favens vulgus adesto meis.
 Prima tuæ menti veniat fiducia, cunctas
 Posse capi; capies: tu modò tende plagas.
 Vere prius volucres taceant, æstate cicadz,
 Menalius lepori det sua terga canis,
 Fœmina quàm juveni blandè tentata repugnet:
 Hæc quoque quam poteris credere nolle, volet.
^b Hic tu fallaci nimium nè crede lucernæ.
 Judicio formæ nòxque merumque nocet.
 Luce Deas cœlòque Paris spectavit aperto:
 Cum dixit Veneri, Vincis utrumque Venus.
 Nocte latent mendæ, vitiòque ignoscitur omni:
 Horæque formosam quamlibet illa facit.
 Consule de gemmis, de tinctâ murice lanâ,
 Consule de facie corporibûsque diem.
^c Ergo age ne dubita cunctas superare puellas:
 Vix erit c multis quæ neget una tibi.

In gentle Sounds disclose a Lover's Care,
'Tis better than your Sighing and Despair.
Birds may abhor their Groves, the Flocks the Plain,
The Hare grown bold may face the Dogs again,
When Beauty don't in Virtue's Arms rejoice,
Since Harmony in Love is Nature's Voice,
But harden'd Impudence sometimes will try
At things which Justice cannot but deny.
Then what that says is Insolence and Pride,
Is Prudence with firm Honour for its Guide.

^a The Ladies Counfels often are betray'd
By trusting Secrets to a servile Maid,

Quæ dant, quæque negant, gaudent tamen esse rogata:
Ut jam fallaris, tuta repulsa tua est.
Sed cur fallaris, cum sit nova grata voluptas,
Et capiant animos plus aliena suis?
Fertilior Seges est alienis semper in agris,
Vicinumque pecus grandius uber habet.
^a Sed prius ancillam caprare nosse puellæ
Cura sit: accessus molliet illa tuos.
Proxima consiliis dominæ sit ut illa videto;
Nève parum tacitis conscia fida jocis.

The whole Intrigues of whose insidious Brain
 Are Base, and only terminate in Gain.
 Let them take care of too diffusive Mirth,
 Suspicions thence, and thence Attempts take Birth.
 Had *Ilium* been with Gravity imploy'd,
 By *Simon's* Craft it had not been destroy'd.
 A vulgar Air, mean Songs, and free Discourse,
 With fly Insinuations, may prove worse
 To tender Females than the *Trojan* Horse.

Hanc tu pollicitis, hanc tu corrumpe rogando :
 Quod peris, ex facili, si voler illa, feres.
 Illa leget tempus (medici quoque tempora servant)
 Quo facilis dominae mens sit, & apta capi.
 Mens erit apta capi tunc, cum latissima rerum,
 Ut seges in pingui luxuriabit humo.
 Pectora dum gaudent, nec sunt astricta dolore,
 Ipsa patent: blanda dum subit arte Venus.
 Tum cum tristis erat, defensa est Ilium armis :
 Militibus gravidum laeta recepit equum.
 Tum quoque tentanda est, cum pellice laeta dolebit :
 Tunc facies, opera ne sit inultra tua.
 Hanc matutinos pectens ancilla capillos
 Incitet: & velo remigis addat opem.
 Et secum tenui suspirans murmure dicat,
 Ut puto, non poteris ipsa referre vicem.
 Tunc de te narret: tunc persuadentia verba
 Addat: & insano juret amore mori.
 Sed propera, ne vela cadant, iraque residant :
 Ut fragilis glacies, interit ira morâ.

Take care how you from Virtue stray;
 For Scandal follows the same Way,
 And more than Truth it will devise.
 Old Poets did delight in Lies,
 Which modern ones now call Surprize.
 Some say that *Myrrha* lov'd her Father,
 That *Byblis* lik'd her Brother rather.
 And in such Tales Old *Greece* did glory,
 Amongst the which pray take this Story.
^f *Crete* was an Isle whose fruitful Nations
 Swarm'd with an Hundred Corporations,
 And there upon Mount *Ida* stood
 A venerable spacious Wood,
 Within whose Center was a Grove
 Immortaliz'd by Birth of *Jove* :

^c *Byblida quid referam, vetito quæ fratris amore
 Arsit, & est laqueo fortiter ulta nefas?
 Myrrha patrem, sed non ut filia debet, amavit :
 Et nunc obducto cortice pressa later.
 Illius lacrymis, quas arbor fundit odora,
 Ungimur, & dominæ nomina gutta tenet.
 Fortè sub umbrosis nemerosæ vallibus Ida,*

In Vales below a Bull was fed,
 Whom all the Kine obey'd as Head.
 Betwixt his Horns a Tuft of Black did grow,
 But all the rest of him was Driven Snow.
 Our Tale to Truth does not confine us.
 At the same time one Justice Minus,
 That liv'd hard by, was married lately;
 And that his Bride might show more stately,
 When through her Pedigree he run,
 Found she was Daughter to the Sun.
 Her Name *Pasiphaë* was hight,
 And as her Father, she was bright.
 This Lady took up an odd Fancy,
 That with this Bull she fain wou'd Dance ye.

Candidus armenti gloria taurus erat.
 Signatus tenui media inter cornua nigro:
 Una fuit labes; cætera lactis erant.
 Illum Gnossiades, Sidoniadesque juvencæ
 Optârunt tergo sustinuisse suo.
 Pasiphaë fieri gaudebat adultera tauri:
 Invida formosas oderat illa boves.
 Notacano: non hoc, quæ centum sustinet urbes,
 Quamvis sit mendax, Creta negare potest.

She'd

She'd mow him Grass, and cut down Boughs, "
 On which his Stateliness might browse "
 Whilst thus the Hedges breaks and climbs, "
 Sure *Minos* must have happy Times ! "
 She never car'd for going fine, "
 She'd rather trudge among the Kine, "
 Then at her Toilet she wou'd say, "
 " Methinks I look *Bizzar* to day. "
 " Sure my *Glass* lies, I'm not so fair : "
 " Oh were this Face o'ergrown with Hair ! "
 " I never was for Top-knots born, "
 " My Favourites shou'd each be Horn. "
 " But now I'm liker to a Sow "
 " Than what I wish to be, a Cow. "
 " What wou'd I give that I cou'd Lough ! "

*Ipsa novas frondes, & prata tenerrima, tauro
 Ferrur in assueta subsecuisse manu.
 It comes armentis : nec iuram cura moratur
 Conjugis, & Minos à bove victus erat.
 Quid tibi Pasiphaë pretiosas sumere vestes?
 Ille tuus nullas sentit adulter opes.
 Quid tibi cum speculo montana armenta perenti?
 Quid toties positas fingis inepta comas?*

My

- " My Bull-y cares for none of those
 " That are afraid to spoil their Clothes :
 " Did he but love me, he'd not fail
 " To take me with my Draggie-tail.
 Then Tears wou'd fall, and then she'd run,
 As wou'd the *Devil* upon *Dun*.
 When she some handfom Cow did spy,
 She'd scan her form with jealous Eye.
 Say, " How she frisks it o'er the Plain,
 " Runs on, and then turns back again !
 " She seems a Bear resolv'd to prance,
 " Or a She-Afs that tries to dance.
 " In vain she thinks her self so fine :
 " She can't please Bull-y ; for he's mine.

Sive placet Minos, nullus quzratur adulter :

Sive virum mavis fallere, falle viro.

In nemus & saltus thalamo regina relicto

Fertur, ut Aonio concita Baccha Deo.

Crede tamen speculo, quod te negat esse juvencam,

Quàm cuperès fronti cornua nata tuz ?

Ah quoties vaccam vultu spectavit iniquo ?

Et dixit, Domino cur placet ista meo ?

Aspice, ut ante ipsum teneris exultat in herbis :

Nec dubito quin se stulta placere putet.

But

- “ But 'tis Revenge alone asswages
 “ My Envy when the Passion rages.
 “ Here, Rascal, quickly yoke that Cow,
 “ And see the shrivel'd Carrion plough.
 “ But second Counsel's best : she dies :
 “ I'll make immediate Sacrifice,
 “ And with the Victim feast my Eyes.
 “ 'Tis thus my Rivals I'll remove,
 “ Who interpose 'twixt me and what I love.
 “ Io in Egypt's worship'd now,
 “ Since Jove transform'd her to a Cow.
 “ 'Twas on a Bull *Europa* came
 “ To that blest Land which bears her Name.

Dixit : & ingenti jamdudum de grege duci
 Jussit : & immeritam sub juga curva trahi ;
 Aut cadere ante aras commentaque sacra coëgit :
 Et tenuit læta pellicis extra manu.
 Pellicibus quoties placavit numina cæsis !
 Atque ait extra tenens, ite, placete meo !
 Ex modò se fieri Europam, modò postulat Ið :
 Altera quod bos est, altera vestræ bove.
 Cresca Thyestæo si se abstinuisset amore ;
 (Ah quantum est uno posse placere viro !)
 Non medium rupisset iter : curruque retorto
 Auroram versis Phœbus adisset equis.

D

“ Who

" Who knows what Fate's ordain'd for me "

" The languishing *Pasiphaë*, "

" Had I a Bull as kind as she? "

When Madriess rages with unusual Fire, "

'Tis not in Nature's power to quench Desire ; "

Then Vice transforms Man's Reason into Beast, "

And so the Monster's made the Poet's Jest. "

Filia purpureos Niso furata capillos,

Puppe cadens celsa, facta refertur avis.

Altera Scylla maris monstrum, medicamine Circes

Pube premit rabidos inguinibusque canes,

Qui Martem terris, Neptunum effugit in undis,

Conjugis Atrides victima dira fuit.

Cui non deserta est Ephyræ flamma Creusæ?

Et nece natorum sanguinolenta parens?

Flevit Amyntorides per inania lumina Phoenix:

Hippolytum rapidi diripistis equi.

Quid fodis immeritis Phineu tua lumina natis?

Pœna reversura est in caput ista tuum.

THE



THE
ART of LOVE:

In Imitation of

Ovid *De Arte Amandi.*

PART IV.



ET Youth avoid the noxious Heat
of Wine:

Bacchus to Cupid bears an ill design.

* Dant etiam positis aditum convivia mensis:

Est aliquid præter vina, quod indè petas.

Sæpe illic positis, teneris adducta lacertis

Purpureus Bacchi cornua pressit amor.

The Grape, when scatter'd on the Wings of Love,
 So clogs the Down, the Feathers cannot move.
 The Boy, who otherwise would fleeting stray,
 Reels, tumbles, lies, and is enforc'd to stay.
 Then Courage rises, when the Spirit's fir'd,
 And rages to possess the thing desir'd :
 Care vanishes through the exalted Blood,
 And Sorrow passes in the Purple Flood ;
 Laughter proceeds, nor can he want a Soul,
 Whose Thoughts in fancy'd Heaps of Plenty roll.
 Uncommon Freedom lets the Lips impart
 Plain simple Truth from a dissembling Heart.

Vinâque cùm bibulas sparsere Cupidinis alas,
 Permanet, & capto stat gravis ille loco.
 Ille quidem pennas velociter excutit udas :
 Sed tamen aspergi pectus amore nocet.
 Vina parant animos, faciuntque caloribus aptos :
 Cura fugit multo diluiturque mero.
 Tunc veniunt risus, tunc pauper cornua sumit :
 Tunc dolor, & curæ, rugæque frontis abit.
 Tunc aperit mentes ævo rarissima nostro
 Simplicitas, artes excutiente Deo.
 Illic sæpe animos juvenum rapuere puellæ :
 Et Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit.

Then to some wanton Passion he must run,
 Which his discreeter Hours would gladly shun;
 Where he the time in thoughtless Ease may pass,
 And write his *Billet Doux* upon the Glass;
 Whilst sinking Eyes with Languishment profess
 Follies his Tongue refuses to confess.
 Then his Good-nature will take t'other Sup,
 If she'll first kiss, that he may kiss the Cup.
 Then something nice and costly he could eat,
 Supposing still that she will carve the Meat.

Ergò, ubi contigerint positi tibi munera Bacchi,
 Atque erit in socii foemina parte tori;
 Nycteliùmque parrem, nocturnaque sacra precare,
 Nè jubeant capiti vina nocere tuo.
 Hic tibi multa licet sermone latentia recto
 Dicere; quæ dici sentiat illa sibi;
 Blanditiàsque leves tenui præscribere vino;
 Ut dominam in mensa se legat illa tuam:
 Atque oculos oculis spectare fatentibus ignem,
 Sæpe tacens vocem verbaque vultus habet.
 Fac primus rapias illius tacta labellis
 Pocula: quaque bibit parte puella, bibas.
 Et quemcunque cibum digitis libaverit illa,
 Tu pete: dumque petes, sit tibi tacta manus,

But if a Brother or a Husband's by,
 Whom the ill-natur'd World may call a Spy,
 He thinks it not below him to pretend
 The Open-heartedness of a true Friend ;
 Gives him Respect surpassing his Degree :
 The Person that is meant by all is she.
 'Tis thought the safest way to hide a Passion,
 And therefore call'd the Friendship now in fashion.
 By secret Signs and Ænigmatick Stealth
 She is the Toast belongs to ev'ry Health :

Sint etiam tua vota, viro placuisse puellæ :
 Utilior votis factus amicus erit.
 Huic, si fortè bibas, sortem concede priorem :
 Huic derur capiti missa corona tuo.
 Sive sit inferior, seu par, prior omnia sumat :
 Nè dubites illi verba secunda loqui.
 Tuta frequensque via est, per amici fallere nomen :
 Tuta frequensque licet sit via, crimen habet.
 Indè propinator nimirum multa propinet,
 Et sibi mandatis plura bibenda putet.
 Certa tibi à nobis dabitur mensura bibendi :
 Officium præstent mensesque pedesque suum.
 Jurgia præcipue vino stimulatà cæveto :
 Et nimium faciles ad fera bella manus.
 Occidit Eurytion stultè data vina bibendo :
 Aprior est dulci mensa merumque joco.

And

And all the Lover's Business is to keep
His Thoughts from Anger, and his Eyes from Sleep.
He'll laugh ye, dance ye, sing ye, vault, look gay,
Aud ruffle all the Ladies in his Play.
But still the Gentleman's extremely fine,
There's nothing apish in him but the Wine.

° Many a Mortal has been bit
By marrying in a drunken Fit.
To lay this Matter plain before ye,
Pray hearken whilst I tell my Story.

Si vox est, canta; si mollia brachia, salta:
Et quacunq; potes dote placere, place.
Ebrietas ut vera nocet, sic ficta juvabit:
Fac titubet blæso subdola lingua sono.
Et quicquid dices, facièsve protervius æquo,
Credatur nimium causa fuisse merum.
Et benè dic dominæ; benè cum quo dormiet illa:
Sed malè sit, tacita mente precare, viro.
At, cùm discedit mensa conviva relicta,
(Ipsa tibi accessus turba, locumque dabis)
Inserere te turbæ: levitèrque ad morus eunti
Velle larus digitis; & pede range pedem,
° Ecce suum varem Liber vocat: hic quoque amantes
Adjuvat; & flammæ, quæ calet ipse, faver.

It happen'd about Break of Day
Gnoffis a Girl had lost her way,
 And wander'd up and down the *Strand*,
 Whereabouts now *Tork-Buildings* stand:
 And half awake she roar'd as bad
 As if she'd really been mad;
 Unlac'd her Bodice, and her Gown
 And Petticoats hung dangling down:
 Her Shoes were slipt, her Ankles bare,
 And all around her flew her Yellow Hair,
 Oh cruel *Thesews*! can you go,
 And leave your little *Gnoffis* so?
 You in your Skull' did promise Carriage,
 And gave me Proofs of future Marriage;

*Gnoffis in ignotis amens errabat arenis,
 Quà brevis æquoreis Dia feritur aquis.
 Utque erat è sômnô tunicâ velata recinctâ,
 Nuda pedem, croceas irreligata comas;
 Thesæa crudelem surdas clamabat ad undas,
 Indigno teneras imbre rigante genas.*

But

But then last Night away did creep,

And basely left me fast asleep.

Then she is falling in a Fit ;

But don't grow uglier one bit.

The Flood of Tears rather supplies

The native Rheum about her Eyes.

The Bubbies then are beat again :

Women in Passion feel no Pain.

What will become of me ! Oh what

Will come of me ! oh tell me that !

Bacco was Drawer at the *Sun*,

And had his Belly like his Tun :

For Blubber Lips and Cheeks all bloated,

And frizled Pate, the Youth was noted.

Clamabat, flebatque simul (sed utrumque decebat)

Nec facta est lacrymis turpior illa tuis.

Jamque iterum tundens mollissima pectora palmis,

Perfidus ille abiit, quid mihi fiet ? ait.

Quid mihi fiet ? ait : sonuerunt cymbala toto

Littore, & attonitâ tympana pulsa manu.

Excidit illa metu, rupitque novissima verba :

Nullus in exanimi corpore sanguis erat.

He

He, as his Custom was, got drunk,
 And then went stroling for a Punk.
 Six Links and Lanthorns, 'cause 'twas dark yet,
 He prest from *Covent-Garden* Market:
 Then his next Captives were the Waits,
 Who play'd lest he should break their Pates.
 But as along in State he passes,
 He met a Fellow driving Asses:
 For there are several Folks whose Trade is
 To milk 'em for consumptive Ladies,
 Nothing would serve but get astride,
 And the old Bell-man too must ride,
 What with their houting shouting Yell,
 The Scene had something in't of Hell.

Ecce Mimallonides, sparsis in terga capillis :
 Ecce leves Satyri prævia turba Dei.
 Ebrius ecce senex pando Silenus asello
 Vix sedet, & pressas continet arte iugas,
 Dum sequitur Bacchas, Bacchæ fugiuntque petuntque,
 Quadrupedem ferulâ dum malus urget eques ;
 In caput aurito cecidit delapsus asello :
 Clamârunt Satyri, Surge, agè, surge pater,

And

And who should all this Rabble meet,
 But *Gnosfy* drabbling in the Street.
 The Fright destroy'd her Speech and Colour,
 And all remembrance of her Skulker.
 Her Conduct thrice bad her be flying:
 Her Fears thrice hinder'd her from trying.
 Like Bullrushes on side of Brook,
 Or Aspin Leaves, her Joints all shook.
Bacco cry'd out, "I'm come, my Dear,
 " I'll soon disperse all Thoughts of Fear:
 " Nothing but Joys shall revel here.
 Then hugging her in brawny Arm,
 " Protested she should have no Harm,

*Jam Deus in curru, quem summum texerat avis,
 Tigribus adjunctis aurea lora dabat.*

Et color, & Theseus, & vox abiëre puellæ:

Térque fugam petiit, térque retenta metu est.

Horruit, ut steriles, agitat quas ventus, arista:

Ut levis in madidâ canna paludè tremit.

Cui Deus, En adsum tibi cura fidelior, inquit:

Pone metum; Bacchi Gnosfias uxor eris.

Munus habe cœlum; cœlo spectabere sydus:

Sæpe reges dubiam Cressa puella ratem.

Dixit: & è curru, nè tigres illa timeret,

Desiluit: imposito cessit arena pede.

" But

" But rather would assure her He

" Rejoyc'd in Opportunity

" Of meeting such a one as she :

" And that encircled all around

" With Glas and Candles many a Pound,

" She should with Bells command the Bar,

" And call her Rooms Sun, Moon, and Star :

" That the Good Company were met,

" And should not want a Wedding Treat.

In short they marry'd, and both made ye,

He a Free Landlord, she a Kind Landlady,

The *Spartan* Lords their Villains would invite

To an Excess of Drink in Childrens fight.

The Parent thus their Innocence would save,

And to the Load of Wine condemn the Slave.

Implicitamque finu (neque enim pugnare valebat)

Abstulit : ut facile est omnia posse Deo.

Pars Hymenæe canunt : pars altera Eucæ clamant :

Sic coeunt sacro nupta Deûsque toro,

THE



THE ART of LOVE:

In Imitation of
Ovid *De Arte Amandi.*

PART V.

² **T**HE Season must be mark'd for nice
Address:



A Grant ill-tim'd will make the Fa-
vour less.

Not the wise Gard'ner more Discretion needs
To manage tender Plants and hopeful Seeds,

* Tempora qui solis operosa colentibus arva,
Fallitur, & nautis aspicienda purat.

To

To know when Rain, when Warmth must guard his
 Flow'rs,
 Than Lovers do to watch their most auspicious Hours.
 As the judicious Pilot views from far
 The Influences of each rising Star,
 Where Signs of future Calms or Storms appear,
 When fitting to be bold, and when to fear;
 So Love's Attendant by long Art descries
 The Rise of growing Passion from the Eyes.
 Love has its Festival as well as Fast,
 Nor does its Carnival for ever last.
 What was a Visit, now is to intrude;
 What's civil now to morrow will be rude.

Nec semper credenda Ceres fallacibus arvis:

Nec semper viridi concava puppis aquæ:

Nec teneras tutum est semper captare puellas:

Sæpè dato melius tempore fiet idem.

Sive dies suberit natalis, sive calendæ,

Quas Venerem Marti continuasse juvat;

Sive erit ornatus, non ut fuit antè, sigillis,

Sed regum positas Circus habebit opes;

Differ opus: tunc tristis hyems tunc Pleiades instant,

Tunc & in æquorea mergitur Hoedus aqua.

Tunc bene definitur: tunc, si quis creditur alto,

Vix tenuit laceræ naufraga membra ratis.

Small

Small Signs denote great things: The happy Man
That can retrieve a Glove, or falling Fan,
With grateful Joy the Benefit receives,
Whilst with desponding Care his Rival grieves.

^b Whene'er it may seem proper you should write,
Let Ovid the prevailing Words endite:
By *How*, by *Duke*, by *Mulgrave* then be taught,
And *Dryden's* equal Numbers tune your Thought.
Submissive Voice and Words do best agree
To their hard Fortune who must Suppliants be.
It was by Speech like this Great *Priam* won
Achilles Soul, and so obtain'd his Son.

Tunc licet incipias, quâ flebilis Allia luce
Vulneribus Lactis sanguinolenta fuit:
Quâque die redeunt rebus minùs apta gerendis.
Culta Palæstino septima festa viro.
^b Cera vadium tentet rasis infusa tabellis:
Cera tuz primùm conscia mentis eat.
Blanditias ferat illa rursus, imitaturque amantùm
Verba: nec exiguas, quisquis es, adde preces.
Hectora donavit Priamo prece motus Achilles:
Flectitur iratus voce rogante Deus.
Promittas facito, quid enim promittere lædit?
Pollicitis dives quilibet esse potest.

Hope is an useful Goddess in your Case,
 And will encrease your Speed in *Cupid's* Races.
 Tho' in its Promises it fails sometimes,
 Yet with fresh Resolution still it climbs.
 Tho' much is lost at Play, yet Hope at last
 Drives on, and meets with some successful Cast.
 Why then make haste ; on Paper ting'd with Gold
 By Quill of Dove thy Love-sick Tale unfold.
 Move sprightly, knowing 'tis for Life you push :
 Your Letter will not, tho' your self might blush.

Spes tenet in tempus, semel est si credita, longum :
 Illa quidem fallax, sed tamen apta dea est.
 Si dederis quicquam, poteris ratione relinqui :
 Præteritum rulerit, perdideritque nihil.
 Et, quod non dederis, semper videre daturus :
 Sic dominum sterilis sæpe fefellit ager.
 Sic ne perdiderit, non cessat perdere lusor :
 Et revocat cupidas alea sæpe manus.
 Hoc opus, hic labor est, primum sine munere jungi :
 Si dederit gratis, quæ dedit usque dabit.
 Ergo eat, & blandis peraretur litera verbis :
 Exploretque animos, primaque tenet iter.
 Littera Cydippen pomo perlata fefellit :
 Insciaque est verbis capta puella suis.

'Tis no ignoble Maxim I would teach
 The *British* Youth : To study Rules of Speech,
 That governs Cities, that enacts our Laws,
 Gives secret Strength to Justice in a Cause,
 To that the Crowd, the Judge, the Senate yield :
 'Gainst that ev'n Beauty can't maintain the Field,
 Conceal your Art, and let your Words appear
 Common, not vulgar ; not too plain, tho' clear,
 Show not your Eloquence at the first sight,
 But from your Shade rise by Degrees of Light,
 Dress Thoughts as if Love's Silence first was broke,
 And wounded Heart with trembling Passion spoke,

Disce bonas artes (monco) Romana Juventus :
 Non tantùm trepidos ut cœsare roas
 Quàm populus, iudexque gravis, lectusque senatus ;
 Tam dabit eloquio victa puella manus.
 Sed lateant vires : nec sis in fronte disertus :
 Effugiant ceræ verba molesta ruz.
 Quis, nisi mentis inops, teneræ declamat amica
 Sæpe valens odii litera causa fuit.
 Sic tibi credibilis sermo, consuetaque verba :
 Blanda tamen, præsens, ut videre loqui.

Suppose that your first Letter is sent back,
 Yet she may yield upon the next Attack,
 If not ; by Art a Diamond rough in hew
 Shall brighten up all glorious to the view,
 Soft Water Drops the Marble will destroy,
 And Ten Years Siege prove Conqueror of Troy.

* Suppose he has read, but then no Answer gave!
 It is sufficient she admits her Slave.
 Write on ; for time the Freedom may obtain
 Of having mutual Love sent back again.

* Si non accipiet scriptum, ille etiamque remittet ;

Lecturam spera : propositumque tene.

Tempore difficiles veniunt ad aratra iuveni :

Tempora lenta pari franguntur equi.

Ferreo assiduo consumitur annulus usu :

Interit assiduo vester aduncus humo.

Quid magis est durum saxo ? Quid mollius unda ?

Dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aqua.

Penelopen ipsam perstes modò, tempore vinces.

Capta vides serò Pergama, capta tamen.

* Legerit, & nolit rescribere ; cogere noli :

Tu modo blanditias fac legat ipsa tui.

Quæ voluit legisse, vult rescribere lectis :

Per numeros veniunt ista gradusque suos.

Perhaps

^d Perhaps she writes; but tis to bid you cease,
 And that your Lines but discompose her Peace.
 This is a Stratagem of Cupid's War:
 She'd, like a *Partisan*, wound you from afar,
 And by this Art your Constancy wou'd try:
 She's nearest much when seeming thus to fly.
 Pursue the fair Disdain thro' every Place
 That with her Presence she vouchsafes to grace.
 If to the Play she goes, be there and see
 How Love rewarded makes the Comedy.

^d Forsitan & primo veniet tibi litera tristis;
 Quaeque roget, ne se sollicitare velis:
 Quod rogar illa, timet; quod non rogat, optat ut intes:
 Insequere; & voti postmodo compos eris.
 Interea sive illa toro resupina feratur;
 Leticam domini dissimulanter adi.

Neve aliquis verbis odiosas afferat aures,
 Quam pores ambiguus callidus abde notis.
 Seu pedibus vacuis illi spatiosa veretur
 Porticus: Hic socias tu quoque iunge moras.
 Et, modò praecedas, facito: modò terga sequaris:
 Et modò festines: & modò lentus eas.
 Nec tibi de mediis aliquam transire columpis
 Sit pudor, & lateri continuasse iatus.
 Nec sine te curvo sedeat speciosa theatro:
 Quod spectes, humeris afferet illa suis.
 Illam respicias, illam mirere licebit:
 Multa supercilio, multa loquar notis.

Fly to the Park, if thither she'd retire;
 Perhaps some gentle Breeze may fan the Fire.
 But if to Court, then follow, where you'll find
 Majestick Truth with sacred *Hymen* join'd.

• It is in vain some study to profess
 Their Inclination by too nice a Dress,
 As not content with Manly Cleanliness.
 Mien, Shape, or Manner no addition needs:
 There's something careless that all Art exceeds.

Adonis from his lonely Solitudes,
 Rough *Theseus* landing from the Briny Floods,
Hippolytus fresh hunting from the Woods,

Et plaudas aliquo mimo saltante puellam:
 Et faveas illi, quisquis agatur amans.
 Cum surgit, surgas: donec sedet illa, sedeto:
 Arbitrio dominæ tempora perde tuæ.
 • Sed tibi nec ferro placeat torquere capillos:
 Nec tua mordaci pumice crura teras.
 Ista jube faciant, quorum Cybeleia mater
 Concinitur Phrygiis exululata modis.
 Forma viros neglecta decet. Minoida *Theseus*
 Abstulit à nulla tempora comptus acu.
 Hippolytum *Phædra*, nec erat bene comptus, amavit:
 Cura-deæ, sylvis aprus *Adonis* erat.

O'er Heroines of Race Divine prevail'd,
Where powder'd Wig and Snuff-Box might have fail'd.

No Youth that's wise will to his Figure trust,
As if so fine to be accosted first,
Distress must ask, and gratefully receive :
'Tis Heav'n and Beauty's Honour they can give.
There's some have thought that looking pale and wan,
With a Submission that is less than Man,

Munditiæ placeant : fulcentur corpora campo :

Sit tibi conveniens, & sine labe toga.

Scilicet, ut pudor est, quondam coepisse priorem ;

Sic alio gratum est incipiente pati.

Ah nimia est propriæ juveni fiducia formæ,

Expectet si quis, dum prior illa roget.

Vir prior accedat : vir verba precantia dicat :

Excipiat blandas molliter illa preces.

Ut potiare, roga : tantum cupit illa rogari :

Da causam voti principiumque cui.

Candidus in nauta turpis color : æquoris unda

Debet & a radiis syderis esse niger.

Turpis & agricolæ, qui vomere semper adunco,

Et gravibus rastris sub Jove versat humum.

Et tu, Palladis petitor cui sumus corona

Candida si fuerint corpora, turpis eris.

Palleat omnis amans : color est hic aptus amanti :

Hoc decet : hoc multi non valuisse putant.

Pallidus in Lycen sylvâ errabat Orion :

Pallidus in lenta Nêade Daphnis erat.

Arguat & macies animum : nec turpe putaris

Pileolum nitidis imposuisse comis.

Might gain their End; but sunk in the Attempt;
 And found, that which they merited, Contempt;
 Gain but Admittance, half your Story's told;
 There's nothing then remains but to be bold,
 Venus and Fortune will assist your Claim,
 And Cupid dart the Breast at which you aim.
 No need of studied Speech, or Skillful Rules:
 Love has an Eloquence beyond the Schools;
 Where softest Words and Accents will be found
 All flowing in to form the charming Sound.

Attenuant juvenum vigilata corpora noctes,
 Curaque, & immenso qui sit amore, dolor.
 Ut voto potiare tuo, miserabilis esto:
 Ut, qui te vides, dicere possit, Amas.
 Colloqui jam tempus adest. Fuge rustice longe.
 Hinc pudor: audacem forsique Venusque juvant:
 Non tua sub nostras veniet sapientia leges:
 Fac tantum cupias, sponte discerus eris.
 Est & agendus amans, imitandique vulnere verbis.
 Hic tibi queratur qualibet arte, sibi
 Nec credi labor est: sibi quisque videtur amanda.
 Pessima sit, nulli non forma placet.
 Saepe tamen verum capitis simulacrum amant:
 Saepe, quod incipiens incipit esse, vident.
 Quò magis è faciliè imitantibus iste periculis
 Fiet amor verus, qui modò falsus erit.

Of her you love bright Images you'll raise:
When just, they are not Flattery, but Praise.
What can be said too much of what is good,
Since an Immortal Fame is Virtue's Food.

For Nine Years space *Egypt* had fruitless flood,
Without the aid of *Nile's* prolific Flood,
When *Thrasus* said, "That Blessing to regain
"The Gods require a Stranger should be slain.

Blanditis animum furtim deprendere fas est,
Ut pendens liquida riva subicit aqua.
Nec faciem, nec se pigeat laudare capillos,
Et teretes digitos, exiguumque pedem.
Delectant etiam castas praemia formae,
Virginibus cura, gratique forma sua est.
Nam cur in Phrygiis Junonem & Pallada Sylvia
Nunc quoque iudicium non remissile puella
Laudatas ostendit avis Junonia pennas,
Sic rarius spectes, illas recondere opes.
Quadrupedes inter rapidi certamina cursus,
Deposque iuba, plausaque colla iuvenae.
Dicitur Aegyptus caruisse iuvenibus arva
Imbribus, atque annos sicca fuisse novem.
Cum Thrasius Buthia adit, monstratque pluri
Hospitis effuso sanguine posse Jovem.

" Be thou the Man (the fierce *Busiris* cries)

" I'll make th' Adviser his own Sacrifice,

" Nor can he blame the Voice by which he dies.

Perillus, first and last of's Trade,

For *Phalaris* a Bull had made ;

With Fire beneath, and Water hot,

He put the Braiser in the Pot,

And gave him, like an honest Fellow,

Precedence in his Bull to bellow.

The Tyrants both did right ; No Law more just

Than he that Thinks of Ill should Feel it first.

Illi Busiris, Pies Jovis hostia primus.

Inquit : & *Aegyptum* tu dabis hospes aquam.

Et Phalaris tauro violenti membra Perilli

Torruit : infelix imbuir author opus.

Justus uterque fait : neque enim lex justior ulla est,

Quam necis arripes arte perire sua.

Ergo ut perjurus merito perjuris fallant

Exemplo doleat scemina læsa suo.

Et lachrymæ profunt : lachrymis adamanta movebis :

Fac madidas videat, si potes, illa genas.

Si lachrymæ (neque enim veniunt in tempore semper)

Deficiunt, udi lumina tange manu.

Quis sapiens blandis non misceat oscula verbis?

Illā licet non des, non data sume tamen,

Pugnabit primò fortassis, & Improbe, dicet :

Pugnando vinci se tamen illa volet.

Tantum ne noceant teneris male rapta labellis :

Néve queri possit dura fuisse, cave.

Curst be their Arts, unstudied be their Trade,
 Who Female Truth by Falshood would invade;
 That can betray a Friend or Kinsman's Names,
 And by that Covert hide unlawful Flames:
 Whose eager Passion finds its sure Relief,
 When terminating in another's Grief:
 Careless hereafter what they promise now,
 To the *Aolian* Winds commit their Vow;
 Then cite th' Example of the faithless *Jove*,
 Who laughs, they say, at Perjury in Love.

Nec timidè promitte : trahunt promissa puellas :
 Pollicitis testes quoslibet adde Deos.
 Jupiter ex alto perjuriam rider amantum,
 Et jubet *Aelios* irrita ferre Notos.
 Per *Syga* Junoni falso jurare solebat
 Jupiter : exemplo nunc faver ille suo.
 Conquerar? an moneam? mixtum fas esse nefasque?
 Nomen amicitiae, nomen inane fides.
 At non *Aetorides* lectum temeravit *Achillis* :
 Quantum ad *Pirithoum*, *Phædra* pudica fuit.
Hermionem *Pylades*, quo *Pallada* *Phœbus*, amavit :
 Quodque tibi geminus, *Tyndari*, *Castor* erat.
 Si quis idem sperat, leturas poma myricas
 Speret : & e medio flumine mella petat.
 Nil, nisi turpe, juvat : curæ est sua cuique voluptas.
 Hæc quoque ab alterius grata dolore venit.
 Heu facinus, non est hostis metuendus amant!
 Quos credis fidos, effuge, tutus eris.

They

" Be thou the Man (the fierce *Busiris* cries :)

" I'll make th' Adviser his own Sacrifice,

" Nor can he blame the Voice by which he dies,

Perillus, first and last of's Trade,

For *Pballaris* a Bull had made ;

With Fire beneath, and Water hot,

He put the Brasier in the Pot,

And gave him, like an honest Fellow,

Precedence in his Bull to bellow.

The Tyrants both did right ; No Law more just

Than he that Thinks of Ill should Feel it first.

Ille Busiris, Ples Jovis hostia primus,

Inquit : & Aegyptu tu dabis hospes aquam.

Et Phalaris tauro violenti membra Perilli

Torruit : infelix imbuit auctor opus,

Iustus uterque fuit : neque enim lex justior ulla est,

Quam necis artifice arte perire sua.

Ergo ut perjuras merito perjuria fallant :

Exemplo doleat foemina laesa suo.

Et lachrymae profunt : lachrymis adamantina movebis :

Fac madidas videar, si poter, illa genas.

Si lachrymae (neque enim veniunt in tempore semper) :

Deficiunt, uda lumina tange manu.

Quis sapiens blandis non misceat oscula verbis :

Illam licet non des, non data sume tamen,

Pugnabit primo fortassis, & Improbe, dicet :

Pugnando vinci se tamen illa volet.

Tantum ne noceant teneris male rapta labellis :

Néve queri possit dura fuisse, cave.

Curst be their Arts, unstudied be their Trade,
 Who Female Truth by Falshood would invade;
 That can betray a Friend or Kinsman's Names,
 And by that Covert hide unlawful Flames:
 Whose eager Passion finds its sure Relief,
 When terminating in another's Grief;
 Careless hereafter what they promise now,
 To the *Aolian* Winds commit their Vow;
 Then cite th' Example of the faithless *Jove*,
 Who laughs, they say, at Perjury in Love.

Nec timide promitte : trahunt promissa puellas :
 Pollicitis testes quoslibet adde Deos,
 Jupiter ex alto perjuriam ridet amantum,
 Et juber *Aelios* irrita ferre Notos.
 Per *Styga* Junoni falso jurare solebat
 Jupiter : exemplo nunc faver ille suo.
 Conquerar? an moneam? mixtum fas esse nefasque?
 Nomen amicitiae, nomen inane fides.
 At non *Aetorides* lectum temeravit *Achillis* :
 Quantum ad *Pirithoum*, *Phaedra* pudica fuit,
Hermionem *Pylades*, quo *Pallada* *Phoebus*, amavit:
 Quodque tibi geminus, *Tyndari*, *Castor* erat.
 Si quis idem sperat : laturas poma myricas
 Speret : & e medio flumine mella petat.
 Nil, nisi turpe, juvat : curae est sua cuique voluptas.
 Haec quoque ab alterius grata dolore venit.
 Heu facinus, non est hostis metuendus amanti:
 Quos credis fidos, effuge, tutus eris.

They

They think they have a thousand ways to please,
 Ten Thousand more to rob the Mind of Ease.
 For as the Earth in various Birth abounds,
 Their Humour dances in fantastick Rounds;
 Like *Proteus*, can be Lyon, River, Bear,
 A Tree, or any thing that's fram'd of Air:
 Thus they lay Snares, thus they set off their Bait
 With all the fine Allurements of Deceit.
 But they who through this Course of Mischief run
 Will find that Fraud is various; Virtue one.

Cognatum fratremque cave, fidumque sodalem;
 Præbebit veros hæc tibi turba metus.
 Finiturus eram : sed sunt diversa puellis
 Pectora : mille animos excipe mille modis.
 Nec tellus eadem parit omnia, vitibus illa
 Convenit, hæc oleis, hic bene farra virent.
 Pectoribus mores tot sunt, quot in orbe figuræ:
 Qui sapit, innumeris moribus aptus erit.
 Utque levis *Proteus* modo se tenuerat in undas:
 Nunc leo, nunc abor, nunc erat hircus aper;
 Hi jaculo pisces, illi capiuntur ab hamis:
 Hos cave contento recta fure trahunt.
 Nec tibi convenire cunctos motus unus ad annos:
 Longius insidias curæ videbit annus.
 Si doctus videat mæd, perantuse pudenti,
 Diffidet miseræ protinus illa sibi.
 Pars superat caput, pars est exhausta laboris:
 Hic teneat nostras animumq; fidesq; rates.

Achilles

* *Achilles*, a Gigantick Boy,
Was wanted at the Siege of *Troy*;
His Country's Danger did require him,
And all the Generals did desire him:
For *Discord*, you must know, had thrown
An *Apple* where 'twas two to one,
But if a stir was made about it,
Two of the three must go without it:
And so it was, for *Paris* gave it
To *Venus*, who resolv'd to have it,
(The Story here would be too long;
But you may find it in the *Song*.)
Venus, although not over virtuous,
Yet still, designing to be courteous,
Resolv'd for to procure the *Varlet*,
A flaming and triumphant Harlot;

* *Fabula nota quidem, sed non indigna referri.*
Scyrias Aemonio vixit puella virgo.
Jam Dea laudata aedera male praeis formae.
Colle sub Idæo vincere digna Venus.

First stol'n by one she would not stay with,
 Then married to be run away with.
 Her *Paris* carried to his Mother,
 And thence in *Greece* arose that Pother,
 Of which old *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Dante*,
 And *Chaucer* make us such a Cant.

It was a just and noble Cause,
 The Breach of hospitable Laws :
 Tho' done to one, yet common Grief
 Made All unite to seek Relief.
 But when they sought the Country round,
 There's no *Achilles* could be found.
 His Mother was afraid t' have lost him,
 And therefore thus she did accost him :

Jam nurus ad Priamum diverso venerat orbe :

Gratæque in Iliacis moenibus uxor erat.

Jurabant omnes in læsi verba mariti :

Nam dolor unius, publica causa fuit.

Turpe, nisi hoc matris precibus tribuisset, *Achilles*

Veste virum longæ dissimulans erat.

“ My

" My pretty Dear, let me persuade ye

" This once for to become a Lady.

" This Petticoat and Mantua take,

" And wear this Nightrail for my sake.

" I've made your Knots all of the smallest,

" Because you're something of the tallest.

" I'd have you never go unlac'd,

" For fear of spoiling of your Wast.

" Now languish on me—scorn me now—

" Smile--Frown--Run--Laugh—I see 'twill do.

" You'd perfect all you now begin,

" Only for poking out your Chin.

Him thus instructed soon she sends

To *Lycomede*, and there pretends

It was a Daughter of a Friend's,

Who grown full large by Country Feeding,

Was sent to her to mend her Breeding.

Quid facis Æacide? non sunt tua munera lana:
Tu titulos aliâ Palladis arte petas.

Her

Her self had now no Child, nor no Man
 To trust but him, poor lonely Woman
 That might reward him well hereafter,
 If he would use her as his Daughter
 In choice of Names, as *Iris*, *Cloe*,
Psyche and *Phillis*, she took *Zoe*.
 Th' Old Man receiv'd her, and exprest
 Much Kindness for his topping Guest;
 Show'd her his Girls, said whilst she'd stay,
 His *Zoe* should be us'd as they.
 At first there much Reserv'dness past;
 But when Acquaintance grew at last,
 They'd jest, and ev'ry one wou'd shew
 Her Works, which she could never do.
 One said her Fingers were most fitting
 For the most fiddling Work of Knitting.

Quid tibi cum calathis? clypeo manus apta ferendo:
 Pensa quid? in dextra, qua cader Hector, habes?
 Rejice succinctos operoso stamine fusos:
 Quassanda est ista Pelias hasta manu.

Then

Then on her Wedding-bed would make,
 And All must help her for Love's sake.
 Zoe undrest in Night-gown tawdry
 With clumsy Fust must work Embroidery,
 Whilst others try her greasy Clunches
 With stoning Currants in whole Bunches.
 But there was one call'd *Deidamy*
 Mistrusted something by the by,
 And sighing, thus one Night she said,
 Why, *Zoe*, mayn't we go to Bed
 Soon as you please, good Mistress *Deid.*
 The fleeting Months soon roll about;
 Time came when Murder all must out.

Fortè erat in thalamo virgo regalis eodem:

Hæc illum stupro comperit esse virum.

Viribus illa quidem victa est: (ita credere oportet)

Sed voluit vinci viribus illa tamen.

Sæpè, Mane, dixit, cùm jam properarat Achilles:

Fortia nam posita sumpserat arma colo.

Vis ubi nunc illa est? quid blandâ voce moraris

Autorem stupri *Deidameia* tui?

Zoe,

Zoe, for fear of the Old Man,
 Into the Army quickly ran,
 And sav'd the sitting of his Nose
 By timely changing of Her Clothes.

Thus whilst we Glory's Dictates shun,
 Into the Snares of Vice we run:
 And he that should his Country serve,
 And Beauty by his Worth deserve,
 In Female Softness wanton stays,
 And what he should adore, betrays.



THE ART of LOVE:

In Imitation of

Ovid *De Arte Amandi.*

PART VI.



UT now, O happy Youth, thy Prize
is found,

And all thy Wishes with Success are
crown'd.

Not *Io* Pæans, when *Apollo's* prais'd ;

Not Trophies to victorious *Grecians* rais'd ;

* Dicite *Io* Pæan, & *Io* bis dicite Pæan :
Decidit in casses præda petita meos.

F

Not

Not Acclamations of exalted *Rome*
 To welcome Peace with their *Augustus* home ;
 Can more delight a Brave and Generous Mind,
 Than it must you to see a Beauty kind.

The Bays to me with Gratitude you'll give,
 Like *Hesiod* and like *Homer* make me live.

Thus *Pelops* on triumphant Chariot brought
Hippodamy with his Life's Danger bought.

Thus prosperous *Jason*, rich with Golden Fleece,
 On *Argos* Vocal Timber sail'd to *Greece*.

But stay, fond Youth, the Danger is not past :

You're not arriv'd in Port, nor Anchor cast.

From you my Art may still more Bays deserve,

If what by me you gain'd, by me you shall preserve.

Lætus amans donet viridi mea carmina palmâ :

Præferor Ascræo Mæoniôque senâ

Talis ab armiferis Priamæius hospes Amyclis

Candida cum raptâ conjuge vela dabat.

Talis erat, qui te curru victore ferebat,

Vestâ peregrinis Hippodameia rotis.

Quid properas juvenis? mediis tua pinus in undis

Navigat : & longè, quem peto, portus abest.

Non satis invenisse tibi est me vate puellam :

Arte meâ capta est, arte tenenda meâ est.

Nor than the Conquest is the Glory less
 To fix the Throne on that which you possess.
 Now, *Erato*, divinest, softest Muse,
 Whose Name and Office both do Love infuse,
 Assist my Great Design: If *Venus* Son,
 That Vagabond, would from his Mother run,
 And then with soaring Wings, and Body light,
 Thro' the vast World's Extent would take his flight;
 By artful Bonds let me secure his Stay,
 And make his universal Power obey.

Whilst I my Art would thus improve,
 And fondly thought to shackle Love,
 Two Neighbours that were standing by,
 Tormented both with Jealousy,
 Told me it was in vain to try.

Nec minor est virtus, quàm querere, parca tueri:
 Casus inest illic: hic erit artis opus.
 Nunc mihi, si quando, puer & Cytheræ favete:
 Nunc Erato: nam tu nomen amoris habes.
 Magna paro, quas possit amor remanere per artes,
 Dicere, tam vasto pervagus orbe puer.
 Et levis est, & habet geminas, quibus evolet, alas:
 Difficile est illis imposuisse modum.

When one began his Tale, as thus:
 Perhaps you've heard of *Dædalus*,
 When *Minos* would have made him stay,
 How through the Clouds he found his Way.
 He was a Workman wise and good,
 Building was what he understood.
 Like to the House where we act Plays,
 He made a turning winding Maze,
 Fitting to harbour Acts of Sin,
 And put a Whore and Bastard in.
 " I've done your Work, and now my Trust is,
 " Good, Sir, that you will do me Justice.
 " 'Tis true I hither fled for Murther;
 " Let my Misfortunes go no further:

*Hospitis effugio præcluserat omnia Minos:
 Audacem pennis repperit ille viam.
 Dædalus ut clausit conceptum crimine matris
 Semibovæque virum, semivirumque bovem;
 Sit modus exilio, dixit, iustissime Minos:
 Accipiat cineres terra paterna meos.*

" Some

- “ Some End all Punishments should have.
 “ Birth to the Wretch my Country gave,
 “ Let it afford me now a Grave.
 “ Dismiss my Son, at least, if rather
 “ You’d keep the Boy, dismiss his Father,
 This he might say, and more, of so;
 But *Minos* would not let him go.
 At this he was engag’d, and cry’d,
 “ It is in Danger Wit is try’d :
 “ *Minos* possesses Earth and Sea ;
 “ The Sky and Fire are left for me.
 “ Pardon my fond Attempt, Great *Jove*,
 “ If I approach your Seats above.

Et, quoniam in patria farus agitatus iniquis
 Vivere non potui, da mihi posse mori.
 Da reditum puero, senis est si gratia villis :
 Si non vis puero parere, parce seni.
 Dixerat hæc : sed & hæc, & multo plura licebat
 Dicere : at egressus non dabat ille viro.
 Quod simulac sensit, Nunc, nunc, ô Dædale, dixit,
 Materiam, quâ sis ingeniosus, habes.
 Possidet & terras, & possidet æquora *Minos*.
 Nec tellus nostræ, nec patet unda fuga.
 Restat iter cœli : cœlo tentabimus ire.
 Da veniam cœpro, Juppiter alme, meo.

" It is Necessity that draws
 " A new-invented Rule for Nature's Laws.
 Thus he began : Full many a Feather
 With Twine of Thred he stitch'd together ;
 (Abundance more than are enough
 To make your Wife and mine a Muff)
 Thus he frames Wings, and nothing lacks
 To fix the whole, but melted Wax :
 That was the Work of the young Boy
 Pleas'd at the Fancy of the Toy ;
 Not guessing e'er he was much older
 He should have one upon each Shoulder.

Non ego sydereas affecto tangere sedes :
 Quâ fugiam dominum, nulla, nisi ista via est.
 Per Styga detur iter : Stygias transibimus undas :
 Sunt mihi naturæ jura novanda meæ.
 Ingenium mala sæpe movent, Quis crederet unquam
 Aërias hominem carpere posse vias ?
 Remigium volucrum disponit in ordine pennas,
 Et leve per lini vincula nectit opus :
 Imâque pars ceris astringitur igne solutis :
 Finitusque novæ jam labor artis erat.
 Tractabat ceramque puer, pennasque renidens :
 Nescius hæc humeris arma parata suis.

- To whom his Father : " Here's the Ship
 " By which we must from *Minos* slip.
 " Child, follow me just as I fly on,
 " And keep your Eye fix'd on *Orion* :
 " I'll be your Guide, and never fear,
 " Conducted by a Father's Care :
 " The *Virgin* and *Bootes* shun.
 " Take heed lest you approach the *Sun* ;
 " His flaming Influence will be felt,
 " And the diffusive Wax will melt.
 " The Sea by rising Fogs discover,
 " O'er that be sure you never hover.

Cui pater, His, inquit, patria est adeunda carinis :
 Hac nobis *Minos* effugiendus ope est.
 Aëra non potuit *Minos*, alia omnia clausit :
 Quà licet, inventis aëra rumpe meis.
 Sed tibi non *Virgo* *Tegza*, comèsque *Bootes* ;
 Enifer *Orion* aspiciendus erit.
 Me pennis sectare datis : ego prævius ibo :
 Sit tibi cura sequi : me duce rurus eris.
 Nam sive ætherias vicino sole per auras
 Ibumus ; impatiens cera caloris erit :
 Sive humiles propiore freto jactabimus alas ;
 Mobilis æquoreis penna madescet aquis.

" It would be difficult to drag

" Your wetted Pinions, should they flag,

" Between them both the Sky is fair,

" No Winds or Hurricanes are there,

" But you may fan the fleeting Air.

Thus speaking, he with Whipcord Strings

Fastens, and then extends the Wings :

And when the Youth's completely drest,

Just as the Eagle from her Nest

By gentle Flights her Eaglet tries

To dare the Sun, and mount the Skies ;

The Father so his Boy prepares,

Not without Kifs and falling Tears.

Inter utrumque vola : ventos quoque, nate, caveto :

Quaque ferent aura, vela secunda dabo.

Dum monet, aprat opus puero, monstratque moveri :

Erudit infirmis ut sua mater aves.

Indè suis factas humeris accommodat alas :

Pèrque novum timidus corpora librat iter.

Jàmque vclaturus parvo dedit oscula nato :

Nec patris lacrymas continuere genæ.

In a large Plain a Rising Height
Gives some assistance to their Flight.
With a quick Spring and fluttering Noise
They in the Sky their Bodies poise,
Back on his Son the Father looks,
Praising his swift and even Strokes,
Now dreadless, with bold Art supply'd,
He does on Airy Billows ride,
And soar with an ambitious Pride,
Mortals, who by the limpid Flood
With patient Angle long have stood,
On the smooth Waters shining Face
See the amazing Creatures pass,
Look up astonish'd, whilst the Reed
Drops from the Hand whose Sense is dead.

Monte minor collis, campis erat altior æquis :
Hinc data sunt misera corpora biuis fægæ.
Et movet ipse suas, & nati respicit alas
Dædalus : & curfus sustinet utque suos.
Jamque novum delectat iter : postoque timore
Icarus audaci fortius arte volat.
Hos aliquis, tremulâ dum capiat arundine pisces,
Vidit : & inceptum dextra reliquit opus.

Roll'd

Roll'd by the Winds impetuous Haste
 They *Samos* now and *Naxos* past,
Paros, and *Delos* blest Abode
 And Parent of the *Clavian* God.
Lebinthus on their Right Hand lies,
 And sweet *Calydne's* Groves arise,
 And fam'd *Astypalæa's* Fens
 Breeds Shoals of Fish in owfy Dens;
 When the unwary Boy, whose growing Years
 Ne'er knew the worth of cautious Fears,
 Mounts an *Æthereal* Hill, whence he might spy
 The lofty Regions of a brighter Sky,
 Far from his Father's Call and Aid
 His Wings in glittering Fire display'd,

Jam *Samos* à læva fuerat *Naxos*que relictæ,
 Et *Paros*, & *Clario* *Delos* amata Deo.
 Dextra *Lebinthos* erant, sylvisque umbrosa *Calydne*,
 Cinctæque piscosis *Astypalæa* vadis.
 Cum puer, incautus nimium temerarius annis,
 Alcids egit iter: deseruitque patrem.

Whose

Whose ambient Heat their Plume involves,
And all their liquid Bands dissolves,
He sees his loosned Pinions drop ;
On naked Arms lies all his Hope.
From the vast concave Precipice he finds
A swift Destruction sinking with the Winds.
Beneath him lies a gaping Deep,
Whose Womb is equally as steep.
Then Father ! Father ! he'd have cry'd :
Tempests the trembling Sounds divide,
Whilst dismal Fear contracts his Breath,
And the rough Wave completes his Death.

Vincla labant : & cera Deo propiore liquefcit :
Nec tenues venti brachia mora tenent.
Territus à summo despexit in æquora cælo ;
Nox oculis pavido venit oborta metu.
Tabuerant ceræ : nudos quatit ille lacertos :
Et trepidat : nec, quo sustineatur, haber.
Decidit : atque cadens, Pater, ô pater, auferor, inquit.
Clausurunt virides ora loquentis aquæ.

My Son! my Son! long might the Father cry:

There is no Track to seek him in the Sky.

By floating Wings his Body found

Is cover'd with the neighbouring Ground.

His Art, tho' not successful, has its Fame,

And the *Icarian* Seas preserve his Name.

If Men from *Minos* could escape,

And into Birds transform their Shape,

And there was nothing that could hold 'em,

Provided Feathers might be sold 'em;

The Thought from Madness surely springs

To fix a God that's born with Wings.

At pater infelix, non jam pater, Icare, clamat:
 Icare, clamat, ubi es? quove sub axe volas?
 Icare, clamabat: pennas aspexit in undis:
 Ossa regit tellus: æquora nomen habent.
 Non potuit Minos hominis compescere pentas:
 Ipse Deum volucrem detinuisse paro,

Quoth t'other Man, Sir, if you'll tarry,
I'll tell you a Tale of my Boy *Harry*
Would make a Man afraid to marry.
This Boy does oft from Paper white
In Miniature produce a Kite.
With tender Hands the Wood he bends,
On which the Body he extends:
PASTE made of Flow'r with Water mix'd
Is the Cement by which 'tis fix'd:
Then Scissars from the Maid he'll borrow,
With Promise of return to morrow.
With those he Paper nicely cuts,
Which on the sides for Wings he puts.
The Tail, that's an essential part,
He manages with equal Art;
With Paper Shreds at distance ty'd,
As not too near, nor yet too wide,

Which

Which he to fitting Length extends;
Till with a Tuft the Fabrick ends.
Next Packthred of the evenest Twine;
Or sometimes Silk he'll to it join,
Which, by the Guidance of his Hand
Its Rise or Downfal may command;
Or carry Messengers to see
If all above in order be,
Then wanton *Zephyrs* fan it till it rise,
And through *Æthereal Rills* ploughs up the Azure
Skies.

Sometimes in silent Shade of Night
He'll make it shine with wondrous Light
By Lanthorn with transparent Folds,
Which flaming Wax in Safety holds.
This glittering with mysterious Rays
Does all the Neighbourhood amaze.

Then

Then comes the Conjuror o'the Place,
With Legs asquint and crooked Face,
Who with his Spying Pole from far
Pronounces it a Blazing Star:
That Wheat shall fall, and Oats be dear,
And Barley shall not spring that Year:
That Murrain shall infect all Kine,
And Measles will destroy the Swine:
That Fair Maids Sweethearts shall fall dead
Before they lose their Maidenhead;
And Widows shall be forc'd to tarry
A Month at least before they marry.
But whilst the Fool his Thought enjoys,
The whole Contrivance was my Boy's.
Now, mark me, 'twas from such like things
The Poets fram'd out *Cupid's* Wings.

If a Child's Nature thus can soar,
 And all this lies within his Pow'r,
 His Mother surely can do more.
 Pray tell me what is to be done,
 If she'll with Cuckold-makers run,
 No watchful Care of jealous Eye
 Can hinder, if Escape she'll try:
 The Kite will to her Carrion fly.

Where native Modesty the Mind secures
 The Husband has no need of Locks and Doors;
 The specious Comet fram'd by Jealousy
 Will prove Delusion all, and all a Lie.



THE ART of LOVE:

In Imitation of

Ovid *De Arte Amandi*.

PART VII.

NOT all the Herbs by sage *Medea* found,



Not *Marsian* Drugs, tho' mixt with

Magick Sound,

Not Philtres study'd by *Thessalian* Art,

Can fix the Mind, and Constancy impart.

* Fallitur, Amonias, si quis decurrit ad artes.

Dâque quod a tenet fronte revellit equi.

Non facient, ut vivat amor, Medelides herbae.

Mixtaque cum magicis *Marsia* venena sonis.

Could these prevail, *Jason* had felt their Charms;
Ulysses still had dy'd in *Circe's* Arms.
 Continue lovely, if you'll be belov'd:
 Virtue from Virtue's Bands is ne'er remov'd.
 Like *Nireus* beautiful, like *Hylas* gay;
 By Time the blooming Outside will decay.
 See *Hyacinth* again of Form bereft,
 And only Thorns upon the Rose-tree left.
 Then lay up Stores of Learning and of Wit,
 Whose Fame shall scorn the *Acberontick* Pit,

Phasias Asonidem, Circe tenuisset Ulysses,

Si modo servari ramine possit amor.

Nec data profuerint pollentia philtra puellis:

Philtra nocent animis, vimque furoris habent.

Sit procul omne nefas: ut ameris, amabilis esto:

Quod tibi non facies, solave forma dabit.

Sit licet antiquo *Nireus* adamatus Homero,

Naiadumque tener crimine raptus *Hylas*.

Ut dominam teneas, nec te miretur relictum;

Ingenii dotes corporis adde bonis.

Forma bonum fragile est: quantumque accedit ad annos,

Fit minor, & spacio carpitur illa tuo.

Nec semper viola, nec semper lilia florent:

Et riger amissa spina relicta rosa.

Et tibi jam venient cani formose capilli:

Jam venient rugae, quae tibi corpus aere.

Jam molire animum, qui duret, & astringe formam.

Solus ad extremos permanet ille rogos.

And

And whilst those fleeting Shadows vainly fly,
Adorn the better part which cannot die.
Ulysses had no Magick in his Face;
But then his Eloquence had charming Grace,
Such as could force it self to be believ'd,
And all the watty Goddesses deceiv'd.
To whom Calypso from her widow'd Shore
Sends him these Sighs which furious Tempests bore.
" Your Passage often I by Art delay'd,
" Oblig'd you more the more to be betray'd.
" Here you have often on this rolling Sand
" Describ'd your Scene of War with slender Wand.

Nec levis, ingenuas pectus coluisse per artes,
Cura sit, & linguas edidicisse duas.
Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses:
Et tamen æquoreas torfit amore Deas.
Ah quories illum doluit properare Calypso,
Remigioque aptas esse negavit aquas.
Hæc Trojæ casus iterumque iterumque rogabat,
Ille referre aliter sæpe solebat idem.
Littore constiterant: Ille quoque pulchra Calypso
Exigit Odrysi facta cruenta ducis.
Ille levi virga (virgam nam forte tenebat)
Quod rogat in spisso littore pingit opus.

Could these prevail, *Jason* had felt their Charms ;

Ulysses still had dy'd in *Circe's* Arms.

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Si modo *servari* *carmine* possit *amor*.

Nec data *profuerint* *pollentia* *philtre* *puellis* :

Philtre *nocent* *animis*, *vimque* *furoris* *habent*.

Sit *procul* *omne* *nefas* : *ut* *amoris*, *amabilis* *esto* :

Quod *tibi* *non* *facies*, *solave* *forma* *dabit*.

Sit *licet* *antiquo* *Nireus*, *adamatus* *Homero*,

Naiadumque *tener* *crimine* *raptus* *Hylas*.

Ut *dominam* *teneas*, *nec* *te* *mirare* *relictum* :

Ingenii *dotes* *corporis* *adde* *bonis*.

Forma *bonum* *fragile* *est* : *quantumque* *accedit* *ad* *annos*,

Fit *minor*, & *spacio* *carpitur* *illa* *lucis*.

Nec *semper* *viola*, *nec* *semper* *lilia* *florent* :

Et *rigit* *amissa* *spina* *relicta* *rosa*.

Et *tibi* *jam* *venient* *cani* *formosæ* *capilli* :

Jam *venient* *ruga*, *quæ* *tibi* *corpus* *arcent*.

Jam *molire* *animum*, *qui* *duret*, & *astutæ* *formæ* :

Solus *ad* *extremos* *permanet* *ille* *rogo*.

And

And whilst those fleeting Shadows vainly fly,
Adorn the better part which cannot die.
Ulysses had no Magick in his Face;
But then his Eloquence had charming Grace,
Such as could force it self to be believ'd,
And all the warty Goddesses deceiv'd:
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Hæc Trojæ casus iterumque iterumque rogabat:
Ille referre aliter sæpe solebat idem.
Littore constiterant: illic quoque pulchra Calypso
Exigit Odrysi facta cruenta ducis.
Ille levi virga (virgam nam forte tenebat)
Quod rogat in spisso litore pingit opus.

- " Here's *Troy*, and this Circumference its Walls:
 " Here *Simois* gently in the Ocean falls:
 " Here lies my Camp: These are the spacious Fields
 " Where to this Sword the crafty *Dolon* yields.
 " This of *Sithonian Rhesus* is the Tent.
 " On with the pleasing Tale your Language went,
 " When a Tenth Wave did with one Flash destroy
 " The Platform of Imaginary *Troy*.
 " By Fear like this I would enforce your Stay,
 " To see what Names the Waters tofs'd away.
 " I took you cast up helpless by the Sea:
 " Thousands of happy Hours you pass'd with me,
 " No mention made of Old *Penelope*.

Hæc (inquit) Troja est: (muros in litore fecit)
 Hic tibi sit Simois: hæc mea castra pueri.
 Campus erat, (campum fecit) quem cæde Dolonis
 Sparsumus, Emonios dum vigil opat equos.
 Illic Sithonii fuerant tentoria Rhesi:
 Hæc ego sum capris nocte reversus equis.
 Pluræque pingebat: subitus cum Pergama fluctus
 Abstulit, & Rhesi cum duce castra suo.
 Tum Dea, Quas, inquit, fidas tibi credis ituro,
 Perdiderint undæ nomina quanta, vides?

" On

" On Adamant our Wrongs we all engrave,

" But write our Benefits upon the Wave.

" Why then be gone, the Seas uncertain trust;

" As I found you, so may you find them just.

" Dying *Calypso* must be left behind,

" And all your Vows be wafted with the Wind!

Fond are the Hopes he should be constant now,

Who to his tend'rest part had broke his Vow.

By artful Charms the Mistress strives in vain

The loose inconstant Wanderer to gain,

Shame is her Entrance, and her End is Pain.

Ergò agè fallaci timidè confide figuræ,

Quisquis es : atque aliquid corpore plaris habe.

Indulgence soon takes with a Noble

Who can be patient that sees another

G 3

THE

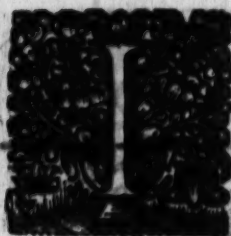


THE
ART of LOVE.

In Imitation of

Ovid *De Arte Amandi*.

PART VIII.



Indulgence soon takes with a Noble
Mind:
Who can be harsh that sees another
kind?

• *Dextera præcipuè capit indulgentia mentes ;
Asperitas odium favâque bella movet.*

Most

Most times the greatest Art is to comply
 In granting that which Justice ought deny.
 We form our tender Plants by soft Degrees
 And from a warping Stem raise stately Trees.
 To cut th' opposing Waves we strive in vain
 But if we rise with 'em, and fall again
 The wish'd-for Land with Ease we may attain.
 Such Complaisance will a rough Humour bend,
 And yielding to one Failure save a Friend.
 Mildness and Temper have a Force Divine
 To make ev'n Passion with their Nature join.

Prælia cum Parthis, cum culcâ pax sit amica;
 Et jocus, & causas quicquid amoris habet.
 Si nec blanda satis, nec erit tibi comis amica;
 Perfer, & obdura: postmodo mitis eris.
 Flectitur obsequio curvatus ab arbore ramus:
 Franges, si vires experire tuas.
 Obsequio tranantur aquæ: nec vincere possis
 Flumina, si contra, quàm rapit unda, nates.
 Obsequium tigresque domat, tumidosque leones:
 Rustica paulatim taurus aratra subit.
 Quid fuit asperius Nonacrinâ Acalanâ?
 Succubuit meritis irux tamen illa viri.

The Hawk we hate, as living still in Arms,
 And Wolves assiduous in the Shepherds Harms;
 The sociable Swallow has no Fears;
 Upon our Towns the Dove her Nest prepares;
 And both of them live free from Human Snare,
 Far from loud Rage and echoing Noise of Fights
 The softest Love in gentle Sound delights.
 Smooth Mirth, bright Smiles, calm Peace, and flow-
 ing Joy,
 Are the Companions of the *Paphian* Boy;
 Such as when Hymen first his Mantle spread
 All o'er the sacred Down which made the Bridal Bed.

Odimus accipitrem, quia vivit semper in armis;
 Et pavidum solitos in pecus ire lupos.
 At caret insidiis hominum, quia mitis hirundo est;
 Quasque colat turres, Chaonis ales habet.
 Este precul lites, & amara prella lingua;
 Dulcibus est verbis mollis ascendus amor.
 Lite fugant nuptaeque viros, nuptaeque mariti;
 Inque vicem credunt rem sibi semper agi.
 Hoc decet uxores: dos est uxoria, lites;
 Audiat optatos semper amica sonos.
 Non legis jussu lectum venistis in unum;
 Fungitur in vobis munere legis amor.

These Blandishments keep Love upon the Wing,
His Presence fresh, and always in the Spring;
This makes a Prospect endless to the view,
With Light that rises still, and still is new.
At your approach find ev'ry thing serene,
Like *Paphos* honour'd by the *Cyprian* Queen,
Who brings along her Daughter *Harmony*,
With *Muses* sprang from *Jove* and *Graces* Three.
A Birds shot by you, Fish by your Angle caught,
The Golden Apples from *Hesperia* brought,
The blushing Peach, the fragrant Nectareens,
Laid in fresh Beds of Flowers and scented Greens,
Fair Lillies strow'd with bloody Mulberries,
Or Grapes whose Juice made *Bacchus* reach the Skies,

Blanditias molles, aureisque juvenia verba
Affer, ut adventu lata sit ipsa tuo.
* Nec dominam jubeo precioso munere dones:
Parva, sed è parvis callidus apta dato.
Cum benè dives ager, cum rami pondere nutant;
Afferat in calathò rustica dona puer.
Rure suburbano poteris tibi dicere missa
Illa: tibi in sacra sunt licet empta via.
Afferat aut uvas, aut quas Amaryllis amabat
Et nunc castaneas, nunc amat illa nuces,

May oftentimes a grateful Present make,
 Not for the Value, but the Giver's sake.
 Perhaps she may at vacant Hours peruse
 The happy Product of your easy Muse.
 Far from Intrigue and Scandal be your Verses;
 But Praise of Virgin Modesty rehearse:
 Mausolus by his Consort, Delphy'd:
 How for *Admetus* blest *Alaestis* dy'd:
 Since *Overbury's* Wife no Poets seem
 To have chose a wiser or a nobler Theme.

Quinetiam turdoque licet, missaque corona,

Te memorem dominæ testificere turæ.

Turpiter his emitur spes mortis, & orba senectus:

Ah pereat, per quos munera crimen habent!

Quid tibi præcipiam teneros quoque mittere versus?

Hei mihi, non multum carmen honoris habet!

Carmina laudantur, sed munera magna petuntur:

Dummodo sit dives barbarus, ille placet.

Aurea sunt verò dunc secula: plurimus auro

Venit honos: auro conciliatur amor.

Ipse licet venias Musis comitatus Homere;

Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.

Sunt tamen doctæ, rarissima turba, puellæ:

Alteræ, non doctæ, sed tamen esse volunt.

Utraque laudetur per carmina: carmina lector

Commendet dulci quælibetque sono.

His ergo, atque illis, vigilatum carmen in ipsas

Forſitan exigui muneris instar erit.

You'd

The Art of Love.

91

You'd help a Neighbour, would a Friend prefer,
 Pardon a Servant, let all come from her,
 Thus what you grant if she must recommend,
 'Twill make a mutual Gift and double Friend.
 So when pale Want is craving at the Door,
 We send our Favourite Son to help the Poor;
 Pleas'd with their grateful Pray'rs that he may live,
 And find what heavenly Pleasure tis to Give.
 Praise all her Actions, think her Dress is fine;
 Embroideries with Gold, Pearl, Diamonds joyn:
 Your Wealth does best, when plac'd on Beauty, shine.
 If she in Tabby Waves encircled be,
 Think *Amphitrite* rises from the Sea.

At, quod eris per te facturus, & utile credis,
 Id tua te facito semper amica roger.
 Libertas alicui fuerit promissa tuorum:
 Hanc tamen a domina fac perat ille tuus.
 Si poenam servo, si vincula sava remittis,
 Quod facturus eras, debeat illa tibi.
 Utileas tua sit: titulus donetur amicis.
 Perde nihil: partes illa petentis agat.
 Sed te, cuicunque est retinenda cura puella,
 Attonitum forma fac puer esse sua.
 Sive erit in Tyrus, Tyrus laudabis amictus:
 Sive erit in Cois; Coa decere pura.

If

The Art of Love.

If by her the Purpureal Velvet's worn,
 Think that she rises like the Blush of Morn;
 And when her Silks afar from *Indus* come,
 Wrought in *Chinese*, or in the *Persian* Loom,
 Think that she then like *Pallas* is array'd,
 By whose mysterious Art the Wheel was made,
 Each Day admire her different graceful Air,
 In which she winds her bright and flowing Hair.
 With her when Dancing let your Genius fly,
 When in her Song the Note expires, then die.
 If in the Autumn when the wasting Year
 Its Plenty shows, that soon must disappear;
 When swelling Grape and Peach with lovely hue,
 And Pear and Apple, fresh with fragrant Dew,

Aurata est; ipso tibi sit pretiosior auro;
 Gauſapa ſi ſumit; Gauſapa ſumpta proba.
 Aſtiterit tunicata; Moves incendia, clama;
 Sed timida cavet frigora voce roga.
 Compoſitum diſcrimen erit; diſcrimina lauda;
 Torſerit igne comam; torte capille places.
 Brachia ſaltantis, vocem mirare carentis;
 Et cum deſerit, verba querentis habe.
 Sæpe ſub autumnum; cum formoſiſſimus annus,
 Plenæque purpureo ſubruber uva mero;

By

By tempting Look and Taste perhaps invite
 That which we seldom rule, our Appetite ;
 When noxious Heat, and sudden Cold divides
 The Time o'er which bale Influence presides ;
 Her feverish Blood should Pulse unusual find,
 Or vap'rous Damps of Spleen should sink her Mind ;
 Then is the Time to shew a Lover's Cares :
 Sometimes enlarge her Hopes, contract her Fears.
 Give the salubrious Draughts with your own Hand :
 Persuasion has the force of a Command.

Cum modo frigoribus premimur, modo solvimur æstu :

Aëre non certo corpora languor habet.

Illa quidem valeat : sed si malè firma cubabit :

Et vitium cœli senserit ægra sui ;

Tunc amor & pietas tua sit manifesta puellæ :

Tunc fere, quæ plena postmodo falce metas.

Nec tibi morosi veniant fastidia morbi :

Pérque tuas fiant, quæ sunt illa, manus.

Et videat flentem : nec tædeat oscula ferre :

Et sicco lacrymas combibat ore tuas.

Multa vove ; sed cuncta palam : quotiesque licebit,

Quæ referas illi, somnia læta vide.

Et veniat quæ lustret anus lectumque locumque :

Præferat & tremula sulphur & ova manu.

Omnibus his inerunt gratæ vestigia curæ :

In thalamos multis hæc via secit iter.

Næ tamen officiis odium quærat ab ægra :

Sic suus in blanda sedulitate modus.

Nève cibos præbe, nec amara pocula succi :

Porridge : rivalis misceat illa tuus.

The Art of Love.

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 When swelling Grape and Peach with lovely hue,
 And Pear and Apple, fresh with fragrant Dew,

Aurata est; ipso tibi sit pretiosior auro;
 Gausapa si sumit; Gausapa sumpta proba.
 Astiterit tunicata; Moves incendia, clama;
 Sed timida caveat frigora voce roga.
 Compositum discrimen erit; discrimina lauda;
 Torserit igne comam; torte capille places.
 Brachia saltantis, vocem mirare canentis;
 Ex cum deserit, verba querentis habe.
 Saepe sub autumnum; cum formosissimus annus,
 Plenaeque purpureo subrubet uva mero;

By tempting Look and Taste perhaps invite
That which we seldom rule, our Appetite ;
When noxious Heat, and sudden Cold divides
The Time o'er which bale Influence presides ;
Her feverish Blood should Pulse unusual find,
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Cum modo frigoribus premimur, modo solvimur æstu,
Aëre non certo corpora languor habet.
Illa quidem valeat : sed si male firma cubabit ;
Et vitium cœli senserit ægra sui ;
Tunc amor & pias tua sic manifesta puellæ :
Tunc fere, quæ plena postmodo falce micans.
Nec tibi morosi veniant fastidia morbi :
Pérque tuas fiant, quæ sunt illi, manus.
Et videat fientem : nec tædeat oscula ferre :
Et sicco lacrymas combibar ore tuas.
Multa vove ; sed cuncta palam : quotiesque licet,
Quæ referas illi, somnia læta vide.
Et veniat quæ lustrat anus lectumque locumque :
Præferat & tremula sulphur & ova manu.
Omnibus his inerunt gratæ vestigia curæ :
In thalamos multis hæc via secit iter.
Ne tamen officiis odium quæritur ab ægræ,
Sic suus in blanda sedulitate modus.
Néve cibos præbe, nec amari pocula succi
Porrigere : rivalis misceat illa tuus.

Watch and attend; then your Reward will prove;
 When she recovers, full Increase of Love;
 Far from this Love is laughry Pride,
 Which antient Fables best deride:
 Women imperious, void of Shame,
 And careless of their Lovers Fame,
 Who of tyrannick Follies boast,
 Tormenting him that loves them most.

When *Hercules* by Labours done
 Had prov'd himself to be *Jove's* Son;
 By Peace which he to Earth had given,
 Deserv'd to have his Rest in Heaven;
 Envy, that strives to be unjust,
 Resolv'd to mortify him first;

• Ille fatigatz vincendo monstra moverea,
 Qui meruit coelum, quod prior ipse tulit;
 Inter Ioniacas calathum tenuisse puellas
 Creditur & lanas excoluisse euder.

Watch

And

And that he should enamour'd be
 On a proud Jilt call'd *Omphale*,
 Who should his Heroship expose
 By spinning Hemp in Womens Clothes.
 Her Mind she did vouchsafe one day
 Thus to her Lover to display:
 "Come quickly, Sir, off with this Skin:
 "Think you I'll let a Tanner in?
 "If you of Lions talk, or Boars,
 "You certainly turn out of Doors.
 "Your Club's abundantly too thick
 "For one shall move a Fiddle-stick.
 "What should you do with all those Arrows?
 "I will have nothing kill'd but Sparrows.
 "Heccy, this Day you may remember,
 "For you shall see a Lady's Chamber.

Paruit imperio domina Tirynthius heros :
 I nunc, & dubita ferre quod ipse tulit.

"Let

- " Let me be rightly understood :
 " What I intend is for your Good.
 " In Bodice I design to lace ye,
 " And so among my Maids I'll place ye.
 " When you're genteeler grown, and thinner,
 " May be I'll call you up to Dinner,
 " With Arms so brawny, Fists so red
 " You'll scrub the Rooms, or make the Bed.
 " You can't stick Pins, or frizze my Hair.
 " Bless me ! you've nothing of an Air.
 " You'll ne'er come up to working Point :
 " Your Fingers all seem out of joint.
 " Then besides, Heecy, I must tell ye
 " An idle Hand has empty Belly :
 " Therefore this Morning I'll begin,
 " Try how your Clumfiness will spin.

- “ ‘ You are my Shadow, do you see :
 “ Your Hope, your Thought, your Wish shall be
 “ Invented and control’d by me.
 “ Look up whene’er I laugh ; look down
 “ With trembling Horror, if I frown.
 “ Say as I say : Servants can’t lie.
 “ Your Truth is my Propriety.
 “ Nay, you should be to Torture brought,
 “ Were I but jealous you transgress in Thought ;
 “ Or if from *Jove* your single Wish should crave
 “ The Fate of not continuing still my Slave.
 “ There is no Lover that is wise
 “ Pretends to win at Cards or Dice.

‘ Cede repugnantī : cedendo victor abibis :
 Fac modò, quas partes illa jubebit, agas.
 Arguit, arguito, quicquid probat illa, probato :
 Quod dicit, dicas : quod negat illa, neges.
 Riserit, aride : si flêrit, flere memento :
 Imponat leges vultibus illa ruis.
 Seu ludet, numerosque manu jactabit eburnos ;
 Tu malè jactato : tu bene jacta dato.
 Seu jacet talos ; victam nè poena sequatur,
 Damnosī facito stent sibi sœpe canes.

- " 'Tis for his Mistress all is thrown;
 " Th' ill Fortune his, the good her own.
 " *Melanion* whilom lovely Youth,
 " Fam'd for his Valour and his Truth,
 " Whom ev'ry Beauty did adorn
 " Fresh as *Aurora's* blushing Morn,
 " Into the horrid Woods is run,
 " Where he ne'er sees the Ray of Sun,
 " Nor to his Palace dares return,
 " Where he for *Psyche's* Love did burn,
 " And found Correction at her Hands
 " For disobeying just Commands;

Sive latrocinii sub imagine calculus ibit;
 Fac pereas vitreo miles ab hoste tuus.
 Sæpe suos casus nec mitia facta puellæ
 Fléssit sub arboribus *Melaniona* ferunt.
 Sæpe tulit jussu fallentia retia collo:
 Sæpe ferâ torvos cuspide fixit apros.
 Sensit & *Hylæi* concentum saucius arcum:
 Sed tamen hoc arcu notior alter erat.
 Non te *Mænalias* armatum scandere Sylvas,
 Nec jubeo collo reria ferre tuo:
 Corpora nec missis jubeo præbere sagittis:
 Artis erunt cautæ mollia jussa meæ.

" But

- “ But must his silent Penance do
 “ For once not buckling of her Shoe :
 “ A good Example, Child, for you.
 “ Which shews you when we have our Fool
 “ We’ve Policy enough to rule.
 “ ^h I might have made you such a Fellow,
 “ As should have carry’d my Umbrello,
 “ Or bore a Flambeau by my Chair,
 “ And bad the Mob not come too near ;
 “ Or lay the Cloth, or wait at Table ;
 “ Nay been a Helper in the Stable.
 “ ⁱ To my Commands Obedience pay
 “ At Dead of Night, or Break of Day.

^a Ipse tene distincta tuis umbracula virgis :
 Ipse face in turba, quâ venis illa, locum.
 Nec dubita seret scannum producere lecto :
 Et tenero soleam deme vel adde pedi.
 Sæpe etiam dominus, quanvis horrebit & ipse,
 Argenti manus est calcifacienda sinu.
 Nec tibi turpe puta (quavis sit turpe, placebit)
 Ingenuâ speculum sustinuisse manu.
ⁱ Justus adesse foro, iussu maturis hora.
 Fac semper venias : nec, nisi serus, abi.

- " Speed is your Province ; if 'tis I
 " That bid you run, you ought to fly.
 " He that Love's nimble Passion feels
 " Will soon outstrip my Chariot Wheels.
 " Thro' Dog-star's Heat he'll tripping go;
 " Nor leaves he Print upon the Snow.
 " The Wind it self to him is flow.
 " He that in *Cupid's* Wars would fight,
 " Grief, Winter, dirty Roads, and Night,
 " A Bed of Earth midst Showers of Rain,
 " After no Supper ; are his Gain.

Occurras aliquò tibi dixerit ; omnia differ :
 Curre, nec inceptum turba moretur iter.
 Nocte domum repetens epulis perfuncta redibit :
 Tunc quoque pro servo, si vocat illa, veni.
 Rure erit, & dicet, Venias, (amor odit inertes)
 Si rota defuerit, tu pede carpe viam.
 Nec grave te tempus, sitiensve canicula tardet,
 Nec via per jactas candida facta nives.
 Militiæ species amor est : discedite segnes :
 Non sunt hæc rimidis signa tuenda viris.
 Nox, & hyems, longæque via, sævique dolores
 Mollibus his castris, & labor omnis inest.
 Sæpe feres imbrem cælesti nube solum :
 Frigidus in nudâ sæpe jacebis humo.

- “ Bright *Phœbus* took *Admetus* Pay,
 “ And in a little Cottage lay :
 “ All this he did for fear of *Jove* ;
 “ And who would not do more for Love ?
 “ If Entrance is by Locks deny'd,
 “ Then thro' the Roof or Window slide,
 “ *Leander* each Night swam the Seas,
 “ That he might thereby *Hero* please.
 “ Perhaps I may be pleas'd to see
 “ Your Life in danger, when for me.
 “ You'll find my Servants in a Row ;
 “ Remember then you make your Bow ;
 “ For they are your Superiors now.

Cynthius Admeti vacas pavisse per æstus
 Fertur, & in parva delituisse casa.
 Quod Phœbum decuit, quem non decet? exue fastus,
 Curam mansuri quisquis amoris habes.
 Si tibi per turum placitumque negabitur ire,
 Atque erit opposita janua fulta serâ ;
 At tu per præceps tecto delabere aperro :
 Det quoque furtivas alta fenestra vias.
 Lata erit, ut causam tibi se sciet esse pericli ;
 Hoc dominæ certi pignus amoris erit.
 Sæpe tuâ poteras *Leandre* carere puellâ ;
 Tranabas, animum nôisset ut illa tuum.
 Nec pudor ancillas, ut quæque erit ordine prima,
 Nec tibi sit servos demeruisse pudor.

- " No matter if you do engage
 " My Porter, Woman, favourite Page,
 " My Dog, my Parrot, Monkey, Black,
 " Or any thing that does partake
 " Of that Admittance which you lack,
 " But after all you mayn't prevail,
 " And your most glittering Hopes may fail.
 " For *Ceres* does not always yield
 " The Crop entrusted to the Field.
 " Fair Gales may bring you to a Coast
 " Where you'll by hidden Rocks be lost.
 " Love is tenacious of its Joys,
 " Gives small Reward for great Impleys;

Nomine quemque suo (nulla est jactura) saluta:
 Junge quas humiles ambitiose preces.
 Sed tamen & servo (levis est impensa) roganti
 Porrige fortunæ munera parva tuæ.
 Porrige & ancillæ, quæ poenas lucæ pependit
 Lusa maritali Gallica veste manus.
 Fac plebem (mihi crede) tuam: sic semper in illa
 Janitor, & thalami qui jacet ante fores.
 Credita non semper sulci cum scenore reddunt:
 Nec semper dubias adjuvat aura rates.
 Quod juvat, exiguum est: plus est, quod lædit amantes.
 Proponant animo multa ferenda suo.

" But

- “ But has as many Grievs in store
 “ As Shells by *Neptune* cast on Shore.
 “ As *Athos* Hares, as *Hybla* Bees,
 “ Olives on the *Palladian* Trees.
 “ And when his angry Arrows fall
 “ They’re not found ting’d with common Gall.
 “ You’re told I’m not at home ’tis true;
 “ I may be there, but not for you;
 “ And I may let you see it too.
 “ Perhaps I had you come at Night:
 “ If the Door’s shut, stay till ’tis light.
 “ Perhaps my Maid shall bid you go:
 “ A thing she knows you dare not do.

Quot lepores in *Atho*, quot apes pascuntur in *Hybla*,
 Cæcula quot bæcas *Pallados* arbor habet,
 Littore quot conchæ, tot sunt in amore dolores;
 Quæ patimur, multo spicula felle madent,
 Dicta erit isse foras, quam tu fortasse videbis:
 Isse foras, & te falsa videre, puta,
 Clausa tibi fuerit promissa janua nocte;
 Perfer, & immunda ponito corpus humo.
 Forsitan & vultu mendax ancilla superbo
 Dicer, Quid nostras obsidet iste fores?
 Postibus, & duræ supplex blandire puellæ,
 Et capiti demptas limine pone rosas.

" Your Rival shall Admission gain,

" And laugh to see his Foe in pain.

" All this and more you must endure,

" If you from me expect a Cure.

" 'Tis fitting I should search the Wound,

" Lest all your Danger be not found.

When easy Fondness meets with Woman's Pride,

Nothing which that can ask must be deny'd.

He that enjoy'd the Names of Great and Brave

Is pleas'd to seem a Female and a Slave.

The Hero number'd with the Gods before

Is so debas'd as to be Man no more.

Cum volet, accedes : cum te vitabit, abibis.

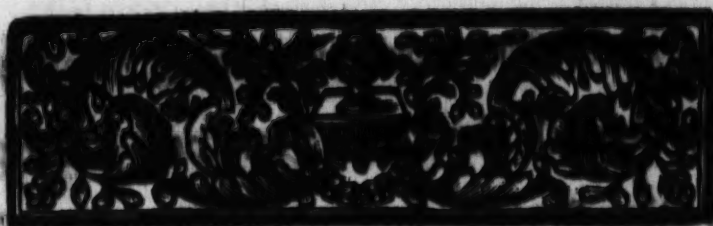
Dedecet ingenuos rædia ferre sui.

Effugere hinc non est quare tibi possit amica

Dicere, non omni tempore sensus abest.

Nec maledicta puta, nec verbera ferre puellæ

Turpe, nec ad teneros oscula ferre pedes.



THE
ART of LOVE:

In Imitation of

Ovid *De Arte Amandi.*

PART IX.

NOT by the Sail with which you put
to Sea
Can you where *Thetis* swells con-
ducted be,

To the same Port you'll different Passage find,
And fill your Sheets ev'n with contrarious Wind.

* Sed non, quo dederas à littore carbasa, vento
Utendum, medio cùm poriare freto
Dum novus errat amor, vires sibi colligit usu,
Si bene nutrieris, tempore firmus erit.

You

You nurst the Fawn, now grown Stag wondrous big,
 And sleep beneath the Shade you knew a Twig.
 The bubbling Spring, increas'd by Floods and Rain,
 Rolls with impetuous Stream, and foams the Main :
 So Love augments in just Degrees ; at length
 By nutrimental Fires it gains its Strength.
 Daily till Midnight let kind Looks or Song,
 Or Tales of Love, the pleasing Hours prolong.
 No Weariness upon their Bliss attends
 Whom Marriage Vows have render'd more than
 Friends.

So *Philomels* of equal Mates possess,
 With a Congenial Heat, and downy Rest,
 And Care incessant, hover o'er their Nest.

Quem taurum metuis, vitulum mulcere solebas :
 Sub qua nunc recubas arbore, virga fuit.
 Nascurus exiguus, sed opes acquirit eundo,
 Quaque venit, multas accipit amnis aquas.
 Fac tibi consuecat : nihil assuetudine majus :
 Quam tu dum capias, rædia nulla fuge.
 Te semper videat : tibi semper prebeat aures ;
 Exhibeat vultus noxque diesque tuos.

Hence from their Eggs (small Worlds whence all
things spring)
Produce a Race by Nature taught to sing ;
Who ne'er to this harmonious Air had come,
Had their Parental Love stray'd far from home.
By a short Absence mutual Joys increase.
'Tis from the Toils of War we value Peace,
When *Jove* a while the fruitful Show'r restrains,
The Field on his return a brighter Verdure gains.
So let not Grief too much disturb those Hearts,
Which for a while the War or Business parts.
'Twas hard to let *Protesilaus* go,
Who did his Death by Oracles foreknow.

Cum tibi major erit fiducia posse requiri ;
Tunc procul absenti cura futurus eris.
Da requiem : requies ager bene credita reddit.
Terraque coelestes arida sorbet aquas.
Phyllida Demophoon praesens moderatus usque :
Exarsit velis acridus illa datis.

Ulysses

Ulysses made indeed a tedious Stay,
 His twenty Winters Absence was Delay;
 But Happiness revives with his Return,
 And *Hymen's* Altars with fresh Incense burn :
 Tales of His Ship, Her Web, they both recount ;
 Pleas'd that their Wedlock Faith all Dangers could
 surmount.

Make thou speed back ; haste to her longing
 Arms :

She may have real, or impending Harms.
 There are no Minutes in a Lover's Fears :
 They measure all their time by Months and Years.

Poets are always Virtue's Friends,
 'Tis what their Muse still recommends ;

Penelopen absens solers torquebat Ulysses :
 Phyllacides aberat, Laodamia, tuus.
 Sed mora ruit brevis : lentescunt tempore cura ;
 Vanescitque absens, & novus intrat amor.

But

But then the fatal Track it shows
Where devious Vice through Trouble goes.

^b *They tell us, How a Husband's Care*
Neglected, leaves a Wife too Fair
In hands of a young Spark call'd *Paris* ;
And how the beauteous Trust miscarries.
With Kindness she receives the Youth,
Whose modest Looks might promise Truth :
Then gives him Opportunity
To throw the specious Vizard by.
The Man had things to be adjusted,
With which the Wife should not be trusted ;
And whilst he gave himself the Loose
Left her at home to keep the House.

^b Dum Menelaus abest, Helene, nè sola jaceret,
Hospitis est tepida nocte recepta sinu.
Quis stupor hic Menelae fuit? tu solus abibas :
Iisdem sub lectis hospes & Uxor erant.

- When *Helen* saw his Back was turn'd,
 The Devil a bit the Gipsy mourn'd.
 Says she, "'Tis his Fault to be gone ;"
 " It sha'n't be mine to lie alone.
 " A vacant Pillow's such a Jest,
 " That with it I could never rest.
 " He ne'er consider'd his own Danger,
 " To leave me with a handfom Stranger.
 " Wolves would give good account of Sheep
 " Left to their Vigilance to keep.
 " Pray who, except 'twere Geese, or Widgeons,
 " Wou'd hire a Hawk to guard their Pidgeons ?
 " Supposing then it might be said
 " That *Menelaus* now were dead :

Accipitri timidas credis furiosæ columbas :

Plenum montano credis ovile lupo.

Nil *Helene* peccat : nil hic committit adulter :

Quod tu, quod faceret quilibet, ille facit.

Cogis adulterium dando tempusque locumque :

Quo, nisi consilio est usa puella tuo ?

- “ A pretty Figure I should make
“ To go in Mourning for his sake.
“ She that in Widow's Garb appears,
“ Especially when at my Years,
“ May seem to be at her last Prayers.
“ But I'll still have my Heart divided
“ 'Twixt one to lose, and one provided.
“ He that is gone, is gone : less Fear
“ Of wanting him that I have here.

**The Sequel was the Fire of Troy
Brought to Destruction by this Boy.**

Quid faciat? vir abest, & adest non rusticus hospes :
Et timet in vacuo sola cubare toro.
Viderit Atrides : Helenen ego crimine solvo;
Usa est humani commoditate viri.

They

° *They tell us, How a Wife provok'd,*
 And to a Brutish Husband yok'd,
 Who by distracting Passion led
 Scorns all her Charms, and flies her Bed,
 When on her Rival she has seiz'd,
 Seems with a secret Horror pleas'd,
 They then describe her like some Boar
 Plunging his Tusk in Mastiff's Gore ;
 Or Lioness, whose ravish'd Whelp
 Roars for his Mother's furious Help ;
 Or Basilisk when rows'd, whose Breath,
 Teeth, Sting, and Eye-balls, all are Death ;
 Like Franticks struck by Magick Rod
 Of some despis'd avenging God :

° *Sed neque fulvus aper mediâ tam servus in irâ est,*
Fulmineo rapidos dum rotat ore canes ;
Nec lea, cùm catulis lactentibus ubera præbet,
Nec brevis ignaro vipera læsa pede ;
Fœmina quàm, socii deprensa pellice lecti,
Ardet : & in vultu pignora mentis habet.

Make

Make her through Blood for Vengeance run,
 Like *Progne* sacrifice her Son,
 And like *Medea* dart those Fires
 By which *Cressida's* Ghost expires.
 Then let her with exalted Rage
 Her Grief with the same Crimes asswage,
 To heighthen and improve the Curse :
 Because he's bad, they make her worse.
 So *Tyndaris* dissolves in Tears,
 When first she of *Chryseis* hears :
 But when *Lynceus's* Captive's led,
 And ravish'd to defile her Bed,

In ferrum flammâque ruit, postoque decore
 Fertur, ut *Aonii* convulsus *Ida* Delli
 Conjugis admissum, violatâque jura mariti,
 Barbara per natos *Phasias* ulex suos.
 Altera dira parens (hæc est, quam cernis, *hirundo*)
 Aspice, signatum sanguine pectus haber.
 Hoc bene compositos, hoc armoniumpic amores
 Crimina sunt cauti ista timenda viris.
 Læsa *Venus* iusta arma mover, telumque remittit :
 Et modò quæ quæsta est ipsa, querare facit.
 Dum fuit *Atides* pnt contentus, & illa
 Casta fuit: vicio est improba facta viri.
 Audierat, laurumque manu vitæque ferentem
 Pro nata *Chrysen* non valuisse sua.
 Audierat *Lynceus* tuos abducta dolores,
 Bellâque per turpes longius ille moras.

Her Patience lessens by degrees,
 But when at last she Priamides sees,
 Revenge does to *Aegyptus* fly for Base;
 In his adulterous Arms does Plots disclose,
 Which fill *Mycena* with stupendous Words,
 And Parricide and Hell around her throws.
 Ye Heavenly Powers the Female Truth preserve,
 And let it not from Native Goodness swerve;
 And let no wanton Toys become the Cause
 Why Men should break *Hymen's* eternal Laws,
 But let such Fables and such Crimes remain
 Only as Fictions of the Poets Brain.
 Yet Marks Set up to shun those dangerous Shelves
 On which deprav'd Mankind might wreck themselves.

Hæc tantùm audierat: Priamida viderat ipsa:

Victor erat præda: præda pudenda sua.

Indè Thyestiaden animo thalamoque recepit:

Et malè peccantem Tyndaris ultra virum est.

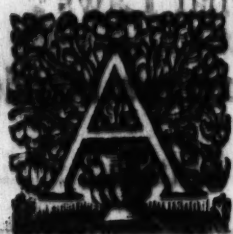


**THE
ART of LOVE:**

In Imitation of

Ovid *De Arte Amandi*.

PART X.



A first the Stars, the Air, the Earth
and Deep

Lay all confus'd in One unorder'd
Heap.

Till Love Eternal did each Being strike

With Voice Divine to march and seek its Like.

• *Prima fuit rerum confusa sine ordine moles:
Unaque erat facies, sydera, terra, fretum.
Mox coelum impositum est terris: humus aequore cincta est:
Inque suas partes cessit ipse Chaos.*

Then Seeds of Heav'n's, then Air of vaporous Sound,
 Then fertile Earth circled with Waters round ;
 On which the Bird, the Beast, the Fish might move,
 All center'd in that universal Love.

Then Man was fram'd with Soul of Godlike Ray,
 And had a nobler Share of Love than They.

To him was Woman crown'd with Virtue given,
 The most immediate Work and Care of Heaven.

Whilst thus my darling Thoughts in Raptures sung,
 Apollo to my sight in Vision sprung.
 His Lyre with golden Strings his Touch commands,
 And Wreaths of Laurel flourish in his Hands.

Sylva feras cepit, volucres agitabilis aër :

In liquida pisces delituisse aqua.

Tum genus humanum solis errabat in agris :

Hisque mœra vires, & rude corpus erat.

Sylva domus fuerat, cibus herba, cubilia frondes :

Jamque diu nulli cognitus alter erat.

Blanda truces animos fertur mollesse voluptas :

Constitierant uno foemina virque toro.

Hæc ego cum canerem, subito manifestus Apollo

Movit inauratæ pollice fila lyrae.

In manibus laurus : sacris inducta capillis.

Laurus erat : vates ille videndus adest.

- Says he, " You Bard that of Love's Precepts treat,
" Your Art at *Delphos* you will best complete.
" There's a short *Maxima* prais'd when understood,
" Useful in Practice, and divinely good,
" *Let each Man know himself*: Strive to excel;
" The Pleasure of the Blest is doing well.
" 'Tis Wisdom to display the ruling Grace.
" Some Men are happy in a charming Face:
" Know it, but be not vain. Some Manly show
" By the exploded Gun and nervous Bow,
" There let them prove their Skill, perhaps some Heart
" May find that ev'ry Shot is *Cupid's Dart*.
-

Is mihi, Lascivi, dixit, præceptor amoris,
Duc agè discipulos ad mea templa tuorum.
Est ubi diversum famâ celebrata per orbem
Littera, cognosci quæ sibi quemque jubet.
Qui sibi notus erit, solus sapienter amabit,
Atque opus ad vires exiger omne suas.
Cui faciem natura dedit, spectetur ab illa:
Cui color est, humero sæpe parente cubet.

- " The prudent Lover, if his Talent lies
 " In Eloquence, e'er talkative, but wise;
 " So mixes Words delicious to the Ear,
 " That all must be persuaded who can hear.
 " He that can sing, let him with pleasing Sound,
 " Tho' 'tis an Air that is not mortal, Wound.
 " Let not a Poet my own Art refuse:
 " I'll come and bring Assistance to his Muse.
 " But never by ill means your Fortune push,
 Nor raise your Credit by another's Blush.
 The secret Rites of Ceres none profane,
 Nor tell what Gods in *Samo-Thracia* reign.

Qui sermone placet, taciturna silentia vicer:
 Qui canit arte, canens: qui bibit arte, bibit.
 Sed neque declamant medio sermone diserti,
 Nec sua vesanus scripsit poeta legat.
 Sic monuit Phœbus: Phœbo parere monenti:
 Certa Dei sacro est hujus in ore fides,
 Ad propiora vocor. Quisquis sapienter amabit,
 Vincet, & è nostra: quod peret, arte feret.
 En iterum restor: nil hic, nisi lege remissum:
 Luditur in nostris instituta nulla jocis.
 Quis Cereris ritus audet vulgare profanus,
 Magnaque Threiciâ sacra reperta Samo?

'Tis Virtue by grave Silence to conceal
 What Talk without Discretion would reveal,
 For Fault like this now *Tantalus* does lie
 In midst of Fruits and Water, starv'd and dry.
 But *Cytherea's* Modesty requires
 Most Care to cover all her lambent Fires.

Love has a pleasing Turn makes that seem best,
 Of which our lawful Wishes are possest.

Andromeda, of dybick Hue and Blood,
 Was chain'd a Prey to Monster's of the Flood;
 Wing'd *Perseus* saw her Beauty thro' that Cloud.

Eximia est virtus prestare silentiis;
 At contra gravis est culpa, tacenda loqui.
 Quam bene, quod frustra capitis arbore pomis,
 Tantalus in medio garrulus aëre aqua?
 Præcipue Cytherea iubet sua sacra recuri:
 Admoneo, veniat ne quis ad illa loquar.
 Parcite præcipue vitia exprobare puellis;
 Utile quæ multis dissimulasse sibi.
 Nec suus *Andromedæ* color est objectus ab illo,
 Mobilis in gemina qui pede penna fuit.

Andro-

Andromache had large Majestick Charms;
 Therefore was fittest Grace to Godlike *Hector's* Arms.
 Beauties in smaller Airs bear like Commands,
 And wondrous Magick acts by stand'nest Wands.
 Some like *Cybele* bear a Mother's Sway,
 Whilst Infant Gods and Heroines obey.
 Some rule like Stars by Guidance of their Eyes,
 And others please when like *Minerva* wise.
 Love will from Heav'n, Art, Nature, Fancy raise
 Something that may exalt its Consort's Praise.

Omnibus *Andromache* visa est spatiosior aquos
 Unus, qui modicam diceret, *Hector* erat.
 Quod male fers, assuesce; feres bene; multa vetustas
 Levit: ac incipiens omnia lentit amor.
 Dum novus in viridi coalescit cortice ramus;
 Concutiat tenerum quælibet aura, cadet.
 Non etiam ventis spatio durara resistit,
 Firmaque adoptivas arbor habebis opes.
 Eximit ipsa dies omnes de corpore mendas;
 Quodque fuit vitium, desinit esse mora.
 Ferre novæ naves taurorum terga recusant;
 Assiduo domum tempore fallis odor.
 Nominalibus mollire licet mala; fusca vocetur,
 Nigrior *Illyrica* eul' pice sanguis erit.
 Si parva est, Veneri similia; si flava, *Minerva*;
 Sic gracilis; made quæ male visa fuit est.
 Dic aglem, quæcunque brevis; quæ virgida, plenam;
 Et lateat vitium proximitate boni.
 Nec quotus annus eat, nec quo sit nata require
 Consule: quæ rigidus munera censor haben.
 Præcipue si flore caret, meliusque peractum est
 Tempus, & albentes jam liget illa comas.

• There

The Art of Love.

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There will be little Jealousies,
By which Love's Art its Subjects tries;
They think it languishes with Rest,
But rises like the Palm, oppress'd,
And as too much Prosperity
Often makes way for Luxury,
Till we by turn of Fortune taught
Have Wisdom by Experience bought:
So when the hoary Ages grow
Around Love's Coals, 'tis time to blow;
And then its Craftiness is shown
To raise your Cares to hide its own;

• Nec levitas culpanda mihi est, non semper eodem
Impositos vento panda carina vehit.
Nam modò Threicio Borea, modò currimus Euro:
Sæpe tument Zephyro, læta, sæpe Notò.
Aspice, ut in curru modò det flumina, ractor
Lora: modò admissæ arte recentior equos.
Sunt quibus ingrata nimida indulgentia servit:
Et si nulla subest æmula, languet amor.
Luxuriant animi rebus plerumque secundis:
Nec facile est æquâ commoda mente pati.
Ut levis absumpta paulatim viribus ignis
Ipse later, summo candet in igne cinis;
Sed tamen extinctas ad minor sulphure flammæ
Invenit, & lumen, quod fuit ante, reddit.

And

And have you by a Rival crost,
 Only in hopes you mayn't be lost,
 Sometimes they say that you are faulty,
 And that they know where you were naughty,
 And then perhaps your Eyes they'd tear,
 Or else dilacerate your Hair,
 Not so much for Revenge as Fear,
 But she perhaps too far may run,
 And do what she wou'd have you shun,
 Of which there's a Boetick Story
 That, if you please I'll say before you.

Sic ubi pigra sita, securaque pectoris torpent,
 Acribus est stimulis eliciendus amor.
 Fac timeat de te, ut plidamque recalcace mentem;
 Palliat indicio criminis illa cul.
 O quantum, & quoties numero comprehendere non est
 Felicem, de quo laeta puella dolet,
 Quae, simul in viis crimen peruenit ad aures,
 Excidit: & misera vixque colorque fugit.
 Ille ego sim, ovis laniat furiosa capillos
 Ille ego sim, tenerum cui petat ungue genas,
 Quem videat lacrymans: quem torvis spectat ocellis,
 Quo sine non possit vivere, posse velle.
 Si spatium quæras, brevis sis, quo laqueaturur:
 Nè vires lentæ colligat ira moræ.
 Candida jamdudum cingantur colla lacertis,
 Inque tuo sicut est accipienda sinu.

Old Juno made her Jove comply
 For fear, not asking when or why,
 Unto a certain sort of matter,
 Marrying her Son unto his Daughters;
 And so to bed the Couple went,
 Not with their own, but Friends Consent,
 This Vulcan was a Smith, they tell us,
 That first invented Tongs and Bellows;
 For Breath and Fingers did their Works;
 (We'd Fingers long before we'd Forks,)
 Which made his Hands both hard and brawny,
 When wash'd, of Colour Orange-Tawny.

Quid moror in parvis? animus majoribus instat:
 Magna cupam: toto pectore vulgus ades.
 Ardua mollimur: sed nulla nisi ardua virtus.
 Difficilis nostrâ poscitur arte labor.
 Rivalem patienter habe: victoria tecum
 Stabit: eris magni victor in arce Jovis.
 Hæc tibi non hominem: sed quercus crede Pelasgos
 Dicere: nil istis arboribus majus habet.
 Innuet illa, feras: scribet, ne sumpsit abellus:
 Unde voles, veniat: quoque libebit, ear.
 Hæc in legitima præstant uxore mariti,
 Cum tener ad parvos tu quoque somno venis.

His

His whole Complexion was a Sallow,
 Where Black had not destroy'd the Yellow.
 One Foot was clump'd, which was the stronger,
 T'other was spiny, tho' much longer;
 So both to the Proportion come
 Of the Forefinger and the Thumb.
 In short the whole of him was nasty,
 Ill-natur'd, vain, imperious, hasty:
 Deformity alike took place
 Both in his Manners and his Face.

Hac ego, confiteor, non sum perfectus in arte.
 Quid faciam? monitis sum minor ipse meis.
 Mene palam nostræ det quisquam signa puellæ?
 Et patiar? nec me quolibet ira ferat?
 Oscula vir dederat (memini) suus: oscula questus
 Sum data: barbarie noster abundat amor.
 Non semel hoc vitium nocuit mihi: doctior ille est,
 Quo veniunt alii conciliante vici.
 Sed melius nescisse fuit: sine furta tegantur,
 Ne fugiat victo factus ab ore pudor.
 Quod magis, ô juvenes, deprendere parcite vestras:
 Peccent: peccantes verba dedisse putent.
 Crescit amor premissis: ubi par fortuna duorum est,
 In causam damni perstat uterque sui.
 Fabula narratur toto notissima cœlo:
 Mulciberis capti Marsque Venusque dolis.
 Mars pater insano Veneris turbatus amore
 De duce terribili factus amator erat.

Venus

The Art of Love.

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Venus had perfect Shape and Size;
 But then she was not over wise;
 For sometimes she her Knees is Crimping
 To imitate th' Old Man in Limping;
 Sometimes his dirty Paws she scorns,
 Whilst her fair Fingers show his Horns;
 But Mars the Bully of the Place is,
 The chiefest Spark in her good Graces.
 At first they're shy, at last grow bolder,
 And Conjugal Affection colder.
 They car'd not what was said or done,
 Till Impudence defy'd the Sun;
 Vulcan was told of this; Quoth he,
 Is there such Roguery! I'll see!

Nec Venus oranti (nec enim Dea mollior ulla est)
 Rustica Gradivo difficillisque fuit.
 Ah quoties lasciva pedes risisse mariti
 Dicitur, & duras igne vel arte manus!
 Marte palam simul est Vulcanum imitata; decebat:
 Multaque cum forma gratia missa fuit.
 Sed bene concubitus primo celare solebant:
 Plena verecundi culpa pudoris erat.
 Iudicio solis (quis Solem fallere posset?)
 Cognita Vulcano conjugis acta lux.

He

He then an Iron Net prepar'd,
 Which he to the Bed's Tester rear'd;
 Which, when a Pully gave a Snap,
 Would fall, and make a Cuckold's Trap.
 All those he plac'd in the Best Room,
 Then feign'd that he must go from home;
 For he at Lemnos Forges had,
 And none but he to mind the Trades.

Love was too eager to beware
 Of falling into any Share.
 They went to bed, and so were caught,
 And then they of Repentance thought.
 The Show being ready to begin,
 Vulcan would call his Neighbours in.

Quàm mala Sol exempla movent: pete munus ab ipso:
 Et tibi, si taceas, quod dare possit, habet.
 Mulciber obscuros, lectum circâque superque,
 Disponit laqueos: lumina fallit opus.
 Fingit iter Lemnon: veniunt ad fœdus amantes:
 Impliciti laqueis nudus uterque jacent.

Jove

Jove should be there that does make bold

With *Juno*, that notorious Scold.

Neptune first *Bargeman* on the Water,

Thetis the Oyster-woman's Daughter,

Pluto that Chimney-sweeping Sloven,

With *Proserpine* hot from her Oven,

And *Mercury* that's sharp and cunning,

In stealing Customs and in Running,

And *Dy* the Midwife, tho' a Virgin,

And *Aesculapius* the Surgeon,

Apollo, who might be Physician,

Or serve 'em else for a Musician.

The Piper *Pan* to play her up,

And *Bacchus* with his Chirping Cup;

And *Hercules* should bring his Club in

To give the Rogue a lusty Drubbing;

And all the *Cupids* should be by

To see their Mother's Infamy.

One *Momus* chyd, "You're hugely pleas'd ;
 " I hope your Mind will soon be eas'd :
 " For when so publicly you find it,
 " People you know will little mind it.
 " They love to tell what no one knows,
 " And they themselves only suppose.
 " T'en't every one that can afford
 " To be a Cuckold on Record,
 " Nor should he be a Cuckold styld,
 " That once or so has been beguild,
 " Unless he makes it Demonstration,
 " Then puts it in some Proclamation,
 " With general Voice of all the Nation,
 The Company were come, when *Kulan* hopping,
 And for his Key in Left-side Pocket groping,
 Cries, 'Tis but opening of that Door
 To prove my self a Cuckold, her a Whore!

Hic aliquis ridens, In me, fortissime Mavors,
 Si tibi sunt oneri, vincula transfer, ait.

They all desir'd his Leave that they might go ;
They were not curious of so vile a Show :
Persons concern'd might one another see,
And they'd believe since Witnesses were Three.
And they, thus prov'd to be such foolish Elves,
Might Hear, Try, Judge, and e'en condemn them-
selves.

Discretion covers that which it would blame,
Until some secret Blush and hidden Shame
Have cur'd the Fault without the Noise of Fame.

Vix precibus Neptunæ suis capta resolvit
Corpora : Mars Ceten occupat, illa Paphon.
Hoc tibi profecit Vulcane, quod antè tegebant ;
Liberiis faciunt, & pudor omnis abest.
Sæpe tamen demens stultè fecisse fateris :
Tèque ferunt iræ poenituisse tuæ,
Hoc vetus : vos ecce verat deprensa Dione
Insidias illas, quas tulit ipsa, dare.
Nec vos rivali laqueos disponitis : nec vos
Excipite arcana verba notata manu.
Ista viri captem, si jam captanda putabunt,
Quos facient justos ignis & unda viros.

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 Nec vos rivali laqueos disponite : nec vos
 Excipite arcana verba notata manu.
 Ista viri captem, si jam captanda putabunt,
 Quos facient justos ignis & unda viros.

The Work is done, and now let *Ovid* have
 Some Gratitude attending on his Grave;
 Th' aspiring Palm, the verdant Laurel strow,
 And Sweets of Myrtle Wreaths around it throw.
 In Physick's Art as *Podalirius* skill'd,
Nestor in Court, *Achilles* in the Field;
 As *Ajax* had in single Combat Force,
 And as *Automedon* best rul'd the Horse;
 As *Chalcas* vers'd in Prophecies from *Jove*;
 So *Ovid* has the Masterhip of Love.

The Poet's Honour will be much the less
 Than that which by his means you may possess
 In choice of Beauty's lasting Happiness.

Finis adest operi: palmam date grata juventus:
 Serraque odorata myrtea ferte comæ.
 Quantus apud Danaos Podalirius arte medendi,
 Æacides dextrâ, pectore Nestor erat;
 Quantus erat Chalcas extis, Telamonius armis,
 Automedon currû tantus amator ego.
 Me vatem celebrate viri: mihi dicite laudes:
 Canterur toto nomen in orbe meum.
 Arma dedi vobis: dederat Vulcanus Achilli:
 Vincite muneribus, vicir ut ille, datis.

But when the *Amazonian* quits the Field,
Let this be wrote on the triumphant Shield,
That she by *Ovid's* Art was brought to yield.

When *Ovid's* Thoughts in *British* Style you see,
Which mayn't so sounding as the *Roman* be;
Yet then Admittance grant: 'Tis Fame to me.

Sed quicunque meo superavit Amazona ferro,
Inscribat spoliis, Naso magister erat.
Ecce rogant reueræ, sibi dem præcepta, puellæ:
Vos critis chartæ proxima cura meæ.

PART XI.

K 2

THE

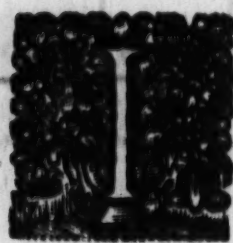


THE ART of LOVE:

In Imitation of

Ovid De Arte Amandi.

PART XI.



Who the Art of War to *Danaans* gave,
Will make *Penthesilea's* Force as Brave :
That both becoming glorious to the
Sight,

With equal Arms may hold a dubious Fight.

* Prima dedi Danais in Amazonas arma : supersunt
Quæ tibi dem, & turbæ, Penthesilea, tuæ.
Ite in bella pares : —

What tho' 'twas *Vulcan* fram'd *Achilles* Shield?
 My *Amazonian* Darts shall make him yield.
 A Myrtle Crown with Victory attends
 Those who are *Cupid's* and *Dione's* Friends.
 When Beauty has so many Arms in store,
 (Some Men will say) why should you give it more?
 Tell me who, when *Penelope* appears
 With Constancy maintain'd for twenty Years;
 Who can the Fair *Laodamia* see
 In her Lord's Arms expire as well as he;

vincant, quibus alma Dione
 Faverit, & toto, qui volat orbe puer.
 Non erat armatis æquum concurrere nudas:
 Sic etiam vobis vincere turpe viri.
 Dixerit è multis aliquis, Cur virus in angues
 Adjicis, & rapidis tradis ovile lupis?
 Parcite paucarum diffundere crimen in omnes:
 Spectetur meritis quæque puella suis.
 Si minor Atrides Helenen, Helenesque sororem,
 Quo premar Atrides crimine major habet;
 Si scelere Oeclydes Talaonia Eryphiles
 Vivus, & in vivis ad Styga venit equis:
 Est pia Penelope, iustis errante duobus,
 Et totidem iustis bella gerente viro.
 Respice Phyllaciden, & quæ comes iste marito
 Fertur, & ante annos occubuisse suos.

Can view *Alcestis*, who with Joy removes
 From Earth, instead of him she so much loves ;
 Can hear of bright *Evadne*, who in Fires
 For her lov'd *Capaneus* prepar'd, expires ;
 When Virtue has it self a Female Name,
 So Truth, so Goodness, Piety, and Fame ;
 Would headstrong fight, and would not conquer'd be,
 Or stoop to so much Generosity ?
 'Tis not with Sword, or Fire, or Strength of Bow
 That Female Warriors to their Battle go :

They have no Stratagem, or subtile Wile ;
 Their Native Innocence can ne'er beguile :

*Pata Pheretiadae conjux Pagusæa redemit
 Proque viri est uxor funere lata sui
 Accipe me Capaneu, cineres miscebitur, inquit
 Iphias : in medios dissipatque rogos
 Ipsa quoque & cultu est & nomine femina virtus
 Nec mirum populo si placet ipsa suo
 Non tamen hæc mentes nostra poscuntur ab arte
 Conveniunt cymbæ vela minora meæ
 Nil, nisi lascivi per me discuntur amores
 Fœmina præcipio quo sit amanda modo
 Fœmina nec flammæ, nec sævos excutit arcus :
 Parcior hæc video tela nocere viris
 Sæpe viri fallunt, teneræ non sæpe puellæ :
 Paucæque, si quæras, crimina fraudis habent.*

The Fox's various Maze, Bear's cruel Den,
 They leave to Fierceness and the Craft of Men,
 'Twas *Jason* that transfer'd his broken Vows,
 From kind *Medea* to another Spouse:
Theseus left *Gnossis* on the Sands to be
 Prey to the Birds, or Monsters of the Sea:
Demophoon Nine times recall'd, forbore
 Return, and let his *Phillis* name the Shore.
Aeneas wrackt, and hospitably us'd,
 Fam'd for his Piety, yet still refus'd
 To stay where lov'd, but left the dangerous Sword
 By which she dy'd to whom he broke his Word.
 Piteous Examples! worthy better Fate,
 If my Instructions had not come too late:

*Phasiadem matrem fallax dimisit Jason
 Venit in Æsonios altera nupta sinus.
 Quantum ad te Theseu, volucres Ariadna marinas
 Pavit, in ignoto sola relicta loco.
 Quare novem cur iste vias dicatur, & audi
 Depositis sylvas Phyllida fiesse comis.
 Et famam pietatis habet: tamen hospes & ense
 Præbuit, & causam mortis, Elisa, tuæ.
 Quid vos perdiderit, dicam: Nescistis amare:
 Defuit ars vobis: arte perennat amor.*

For then their Art and Prudence had retain'd
 What first victorious Rays of Beauty gain'd.
 Whilst thus I thought, not without Grief to find
 Defenceless Virtue meet with Fate unkind,
 Bright *Cytherea's* sacred Voice did reach
 My tingling Ears, and thus she bad me teach :
 " What had the harmless Maid deserv'd from thee ?
 " Thou hast given Weapons to her Enemy ;
 " Whilst in the Field she must defenceless stand
 " With want of Skill, and more unable Hand.
 " *Stesichorus*, who would no Subject find
 " But Harm to Maids, was by the Gods struck blind.
 " But when his Song did with their Glories rise,
 " He had his own restor'd, to praise their Eyes.

Nunc quoque pascere : sed me *Cytherea* docere
 Jussit : & ante oculos constitit ipsa meos.
 Tum mihi, Quid misera, dixit, meruere puella ?
 Traditur armatis vulgus inermis viris.
 Illos artifices gemini fecere libelli :
 Hæc quoque pars monitis erudienda tuis.
 Probra Therapiaz qui dixerat ante maritus,
 Mox cecinit laudes prosperiore lyra.

" Be rul'd by me, and Arms defensive give,
 " 'Tis by the Ladies Favours you must live.
 She then one Mystick Leaf with Berries four
 (Pluckt from her Myrtle Crown) bad me with speed
 devour.
 I find the Pow'r inspir'd, through purer Sky
 My Breath dissolves in Verse to make young Lovers
 die.
 Here Modesty and Innocence shall learn
 How they may Truth from flattering Speech discern
 But come with speed : Lose not the flying Day.
 See how the crowding Waves roll down away,
 And neither, tho' at Love's Command, will stay.

Si bene te nosti, cultas nē lade puellas :
 Gratia, dum vivis, ista petenda tibi est.
 Dixit : & ē myrto (myrto nam vincit apillos
 Constitit) folium, granāque pauca dedit.
 Sensimus acceptum numen quoque : purius archer
 Fulsit : & ē toto pectore cessit onus.
 Dum facit ingenium, petite hinc praecepta puellae,
 Quas pudor, & leges, & sua jura sinunt.
 Venturæ memores jam nunc estote senectæ :
 Sic nullum vobis tempus abibit iners.
 Dum licet, & veros etiam nunc edis annos,
 Ludite : eunt anni more fluentis aquae.

These

These Waves and Time we never can recal,
 But as the Minutes pass must lose 'em all.
 Nor like what's past are Days succeeding good,
 But slide with Warmth decay'd and thicker Blood,
 Flora, altho' a Goddess, yet does fear
 The Change that grows with the declining Year;
 Whitt' glistering Snakes, by casting off their Skin,
 Fresh Courage gain, and Life renew'd begin,
 The Eagles cast their Bills, the Stag its Horn;
 But Beauty to that Blessing is not born.

Nec quæ præterit rursus revocabitur unda :

Nec quæ præterit hora redire potest.

Utendum est ætate : cito pede labitur ætas :

Nec bona tam sequitur, quàm bona prima fuit.

Hos ego, qui canent frutices, violaria vidi :

Hac mihi de spina grata corona data est.

Tempus erit, quo tu, quæ nunc excludis amantes,

Frigida desertâ nocte jacebis anus.

Nec tua frangeretur nocturnâ janua rixâ :

Sparsa nec invenies limina manè rosa.

Quàm citò (me miserum) laxantur corpora rugis,

Et perit, in nitido qui fuit ore, color !

Quâsque fuisse tibi canas à virgine juras,

Spargentur subito per caput omne comæ.

Anguibz exuitur tenui cum pelle vetustas :

Nec faciunt cervos cornua jasta fenes.

Thus

Thus Nature prompts its use to forward Love,
 Grac'd by Examples of the Powers above.
 Endymion pierc'd the Chast Diana's Heart,
 And cool Aurora felt Love's fiery Dart.

Vestra sine auxilio fugiunt bona: carpite florem,
 Qui nisi carpus eris tu ipse iades.
 Latmius Endymion non est tibi, Luna, rubori:
 Nec Cephalus roseæ præda pudenda Deæ.
 Ut rucem de se, quem nunc quoque luges, Adoni:
 Unde habet Eacm Hammonemque Venus.

PART XII

Happen'd, they say, in Love to be

With one who held him by delay,

Would neither say him No nor Ay,

Not would she have him go his way,

THE

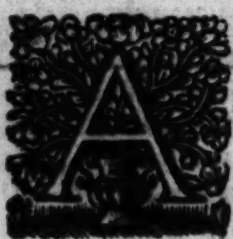
For some experienc'd Truffy Friend



THE ART of LOVE:

In Imitation of
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PART XII.



Person of some Quality

Happen'd, they say, in Love to be
With one who held him by delay,
Would neither say him No nor Ay,
Nor would she have him go his way,
This Lady thought it best to send
For some experienc'd Trusty Friend,

To

To whom she might her Mind impart
T' unchain her own, and bind his Heart;
A Tyre-woman by Occupation,
A useful and a choice Vocation.
She Saw all, Heard all, never idle;
Her Fingers, or her Tongue would fiddle;
Diverting with a kind of Wit,
Aiming at all would sometimes hit;
Tho' in her sort of rambling way
She many a serious Truth would say.
Thus in much Talk among the rest
The Oracle it self exprest.

" I've heard some cry, Well I profess
" There's nothing to be gain'd by Dress.
" They might as well say that a Field
" Uncultivated, yet would yield

*Ordinar à cultu: cultis bene Liber ab uvis
Provenit: & cultis fiat seges alta solo.*

" As

- " As good a Crop as that which Skill
 " With utmost Diligence should Till.
 " Our Vintage would be very fine,
 " If no body should prune their Vine!
 " Good Shape and Air it is confest
 " Is given to such as Heaven has blest;
 " But all Folks have not the same Graces,
 " There is distinction in our Faces.
 " There was a time I'd not repine
 " For any thing amiss in mine,
 " Which, tho' I say it, still seems fair;
 " Thanks to my Art as well as Care.
 " Our Grandmothers, they tell us, wore
 " Their Fardingale and their Bandore,
 " Their Pinnars, Forehead-cloth, and Ruff,
 " Content with their own Cloth and Stuff;

Forma Dei munus : formâ quorâqueque superbit ?

Pars vestram tali munere magna caret.

Cura dabit faciem : facies neglecta peribit ;

Idaliæ similis sit licet illa Deæ.

Corpora si veteres non sic coluere puellæ ;

Nec veteres cultus sic habuere viri.

" With

- “ With Hats upon their Pates like Hives,
 “ Things might become such Soldiers Wives ;
 “ Thought their own Faces still would last 'em
 “ In the same Mould which Nature cast 'em.”
 “ Dark Paper Buildings then stood thick ;
 “ No Palaces of Stone or Brick :
 “ And then, alas ! were no Exchanges :
 “ But see how Time and Fashion changes !
 “ Plate Old Things and Age. I see,
 “ Thank Heav'n, Times good enough for me.

*I love to see a man's face when he is old
 " They'll fear when many'd you'll be cold."*

*Si fuit Andromache tunicas induta valentes ;
 Quid mirum ? duri militis uxor erat.
 Scilicet Ajaci conjux ornata veniret ;
 Cui tegmen septem terga fuere boum.
 Simplicitas rudis antè fuit, nunc aurea Roma est :
 Et magnas domiti possidet orbis opes.
 Aspice, quæ nunc sunt Capisolia, quæque fuerunt :
 Alterius dices illa fuisse Jovis.
 Curia, consilio quæ nunc dignissima tanto est,
 De stipulâ, Tatius regna renente, fuit.
 Quæ nunc sub Phœbo ducibusque palatia fulgent,
 Quid, nisi araturis pascua bobus, erant ?
 Prisca juvent alios : ego me nunc denique natum
 Gratulor ; hæc ætas moribus apta meis.*

“ Your

" Your Goldsmiths now are mighty neat : "

" I love the Air of *Lambard-street*. "

" What e'er a Ship from *India* brings, "

" Pearls, Diamonds, Silks, are pretty things. "

" The Cabinet, the Screen, the Fan "

" Please me extremely, if *Japan* "

" And all affects me still the more, "

" They had none of them heretofore. "

" When you're unmarried, never load ye "

" With Jewels, they may incommode ye. "

" Lovers mayn't dare approach ; but mostly "

" They'll fear when marry'd you'll be costly. "

" Fine Rings and Lockers best are try'd "

" When given to you as a Bride. "

Non, quia nunc terræ lentum subducitur aurum,

Lectaque diverso litoris concha venit :

Non, quia decrescunt effosso marmore montes,

Nec, quia ceruleæ mole fugantur aquæ :

Sed quia cultus adest : nec nostros manit in annos

Rusticitas prisca illa superstes avis.

Vos quoque non caris aures onerate lapillis,

Quos legit in viridi decolor Indus aquæ.

Nec prodite graves insuto vestibus auro :

Per quas nos petitis, sæpe fugatis, opes.

" En "

- “ In the mean time you shew your Sense ”
 “ By going fine at small Expence. ”
 “ Sometimes your Hair you upwards sun, ”
 “ Sometimes lay down in Favourite Curl. ”
 “ All must through twenty Fiddlings pass, ”
 “ Which none can teach you but your Glass. ”
 “ Sometimes they must dishevel’d lie ”
 “ On Neck of polish’d Ivory. ”
 “ Sometimes with Strings of Pearl they’re fix’d, ”
 “ And the united Beauty mix’d, ”

Munditiis capimur, nec sint sine lege capilli:
 Admoræ formam danque negantque manus.
 Nec genus ornatus unum est: quod quæque decebit,
 Eligat: & speculum consulat ante suum.
 Longa probat facies capitis discrimina puri:
 Sic erat ornatis Laodamæ comis.
 Exiguum summâ nodum sibi fronte relinquit,
 Ut pateant aures, ora rotunda volent.
 Alterius crines humero jacentur utroque:
 Talis es assumptâ Phœbe canore, lyrà.
 Altera succinctæ religetur more Dianæ:
 Ut solet, atronicas cum petit illa feras.
 Hanc decet inflatos laxè jacuisse capillos:
 Illa sit astrictis impedienda comis.

- " Or when you won't their Grace unfold, " 11
 " Secure them with a Bar of Gold, " 12
 " Humour and Fashions change each Day, " 13
 " Not Birds in Forrests, Flow'rs in May, " 14
 " Would sooner number'd be than they, " 15
 " There is a sort of Negligence, " 16
 " Which some esteem as Excellence, " 17
 " Your Art with so much Art to hide, " 18
 " That nothing of it be descry'd ; " 19
 " To make your careless Tresses flow " 20
 " With so much Air, that none should know " 21
 " Whether they had been comb'd or no. " 22

Hanc d'ecet ornari testudine Cyllenei :
 Sustineat similes fluctibus illa sinus.
 Sed neque ramosa numerabile in illice frondes,
 Nec quot apes Hyble, nec quot in Alpe ferae ;
 Nec mihi tot calculus numero comprehendere fas est ;
 Adjicit ornatus proxima quoque dies.
 Et neglecta decet multas coma : saepe jacere
 Nesternam credas : illa repens modo est.
 Ars casum simulet : sic capta ut vidit in urbe
 Alcides Iolen, Hanc ego, dixit, amo :

" But

- “ But in this so neglected Hair
 “ Many a Heart has found its Snare,
 “ Nature indeed has kindly sent
 “ Us many things; more we invent:
 “ Little enough, as I may say,
 “ To keep our Beauty from Decay.
 “ As Leaves that with fierce Winds engage,
 “ Our curling Tresses fall with Age.
 “ But then by *German* Herbs we find
 “ Colour, for Locks to Grey inclin’d.
 “ Sometimes we purchase Hair; and why?
 “ Is not all that our own we buy?

*Talem te Bacchus, Satyris clamantibus Eues,
 Sustulit in currus Onesti relicta supi.
 O quantum indulget vestro natura decori,
 Quorum sunt multis damna nianda modis!
 Nos male deregimur: raptaque arate capilli,
 Ut Boreæ frondes excutiente, cadunt.
 Fœmina canicem Germanis inficit herbis:
 Et melior vero quantum arte color,
 Fœmina procedit densissima crinibus empta:
 Proque suis alios efficit ære tuos.*

The Art of Love.

- " You buy it publickly, say they :
 " Why tell us that, when we don't pay.
 " Of French Pommades the Town is full :
 " Praise Heav'n, no want of Spanish Wool.
 " Let them look flusht, let them look dead,
 " That can't afford the White and Red.
 " In Covent Garden you buy Posies,
 " There we our Lillies and our Roses.
 " Who would a charming Eyebrow lack,
 " Who can get any thing that's Black.
 " Let not these Boxes open lie :
 " Some Folks are too much given to pry.

Nec pudor est emisse palam : venisse videmus

Herculis ante oculos, virginemque chorum.

Scitis & seducta cindorem querere cera :

Sanguine que vero non rubet, arte rubet.

Arte supercillii confusa munda replent :

Parvaque sincerat velut alba genas.

Nec pudor est oculos tenui signare favilla

Vel prope te nato, lucide Cyane, croco.

- " Art not dissembl'd would disgrace
 " The purchas'd Beauties of our Face :
 " This if such Persons should discover,
 " 'Twould rather lose than gain a Lover,
 " Who is there now but understands
 " Searchcloths to flea the Face or Hands,
 " Tho' the Idea's not so taking,
 " And the Skin seems but odd in making,
 " Yet when 'twill with fresh Lustre shine,
 " Her Spark will tell you tis Divine.

Est mihi, quo dixi ventra medicamina forma,
 Parvus, sed curâ grande, libellus, opus.
 Hinc quoque præsidium læte petitote puellæ :
 Non est pro vestris ars mea rebus iners.
 Non tamen expositas mensâ deprendat amator
 Pyxidas : ars faciem dissimulata juvet.
 Quem non offendas toto sex illius vultu,
 Cum fluit in rapidos pendere lapsa sinus.
 Oesypa quid redolens, quævis miscramur Athenis,
 Demptus ab immunda vellere suavit ovium.
 Nec coram mistas cervæ sumpsisse medullas,
 Nec coram dentes perfricasse probem.
 Ista dabunt faciem : sed erunt deformia visu.
 Multrique, cum sunt, turpis, facta placent.

- " That Picture there your Eye does strike ;
 " It is the Work of Great *Vandike*,
 " Which by a *Roman* would be sainted :
 " What was't but Canvas till 'twas painted ?
 " There's several things should not be known :
 " O'er these there is a Curtain drawn,
 " 'Till 'tis their Season to be shown.
 " Your Door on fit Occasions keep
 " Fast shut : Who knows but you're asleep ?

Quæ nunc nomen habent operosi signa Myronis,
 Pondus iners quondam, duræque massa fuit.

Annulus ut fiat, primo colliditur aurum :

Quas geritis velles, fordida lana fuit.

Cùm fieret, lapis asper erat, nunc nobile signum :

Nuda Venus madidas exprimit umbre comas.

Tu quoque dum coleris, nos te dormire puremus :

Aprius a summa conspiciere manu.

Cur mihi nota tui causa est candoris in ore ?

Claude fores, thalami quæ rude cogis opus.

Multa viros nescire decet, pars maxima rerum

Offendet, si non interiora seclis

Aurea quæ pendent ornato signa theatro

Inspice, quàm tenuis bractea signa tegat.

Sed neque ad illa licet populo, nisi facta, venire.

Nec nisi summois forma paranda viris.

At non, pestendos coram præbere capillos,

Ut jaceant fusi per tua colla, veto.

" When

- “ When our Teeth, Colour, Hair, and Eyes,
 “ And what else at the Toilet lies,
 “ Are all put on, we’re said to rise.
 “ There was a Lady whom I knew,
 “ That must be nameless ‘cause ‘tis true,
 “ Who had the dismaldest Mischance
 “ I’ve heard of since I was in *France*.
 “ I do protest the Thoughts of it
 “ Have almost put me in a Fit.
 “ Old Lady *Meanwell*’s Chamber Door,
 “ Just on the Stairs of the first Floor,
 “ Stood open : And pray who should come
 “ But *Knowall* flouncing in the Room?

Illo præcipue, ne sis morosa, caveto
 Tempore : nec lapsas sæpe resolve comas.
 Tuta sit ornatrici : odi, quæ salsicior ora
 Unguibus, & rapta brachia figit acuta.
 Devovet : & tangit dominæ caput illa : simulque
 Plorat ad invisas sanguinolenta comas.
 Quæ malè crinita est, custodem in limine ponat :
 Orneretur Bonæ semper in ade Dæi.
 Dictus eram subito quidam venisse puella,
 Turbida perversas induit illa comas.

- " No single Hair upon her Head :
 " I thought she would have fell down Dead,
 " At last she found a Cap of Hair,
 " Which she put on with such an Air,
 " That ev'ry Lock was out of place,
 " And all hung dangling down her Face.
 " I would not mortify one so;
 " Except some Twenty that I know
 " Her Carelessness and her Defect
 " Were laid to Mistress Prue's Neglect,
 " And much Ill-nature was betray'd
 " By Noise and Scolding with the Maid.

Hostibus eveniat tam foedi causa pudoris !
 Inque nurus Parthar dedecus illud est.
 Turpe pecus mutilum : turpis sine gramine campus,
 Et sine fronde frutex, & sine crine caput.
 Non mihi venistis Semale, Ledæque docenda,
 Perque fratrum falso Sideri uestigia bovis :
 Aut Helene, quam non stultus Megalæ, repositæ,
 Tu quæque non stultæ Troiæ raptor, habes.
 Turba docenda venit, turpes pulchraque puellæ
 Pluræque sunt semper deteriore bonis.

- " The Young look on such things as stuff, T "
- " Thinking their Bloom has Art enough, T "
- " When smooth we matter it not at all; T "
- " 'Tis when the *Thames* is rough we squawl, T "
- " But whate'er 'tis may be pretended, T "
- " No Face or Shape but may be mended, T "
- " All have our Faults, and must abide 'em, T "
- " We therefore should take care to hide 'em. T "
- " You're short; sit still, you'll taller seem: T "
- " You're only shorter from the Stem, T "
- " By looser Garb your Leanness is conceal'd; T "
- " By want of Staies the grosser Shape reveal'd. T "

Formosæ minûs artis opem præceptaque quærant:
 Est illis sua dos forma sine arte potens.
 Cùm mare compositum est, securus navita cessat:
 Cùm tumet, auxiliis assidet ille suis.
 Rara tamen mendâ facies caret: occule mendas.
 Quæque potes, vitium corporis abde tui.
 Si brevis es, sedes; nè stans videare sedere:
 Inque tuo jaceas quantulacumque toro.
 Hic quoque nè possit fieri mensura cubantis,
 Injecta lateant: sed tibi veste pedes.
 Quæ nimis est gracilis, pleno velamina filo
 Sumat: & ex humeris laurus amictus erit.
 Pallide purpureis tingas sua corpora virgis:
 Nigrior ad Pharii confuge piscis opem.

" The

- " The more the Blemishes upon the Feet,
 " The greater Care the Lace and Shoes be neat.
 " Some Backs and Sides are wav'd like Billows;
 " These Holes are best made up with Pillows.
 " Thick Fingers always should command
 " Without the stretching out the Hand
 " Who has bad Teeth should never see
 " A Play, unless a Tragedy,
 " For we can teach you how to simper,
 " And when 'tis proper you shou'd whimper.
 " Think that your Grace and Wit is now
 " Not in your laughing at a thing, but how.

Pes malus in nives semper cecidit amata :

Arida nec vinetis crura resolve tuis.

Conveniunt tenues seculis amatectides amas :

Augustum erit facies pectus eat.

Exiguo signet genu, quodcumque loquatur,

Cui digiti pingues, & scaber unguis erit.

Cui gravis oris odor, nunquam jejuna loquatur,

Et semper spatio distet ab ore viri.

Si niger, aut ingens; aut non erit ordine narus

Dens tibi ; ridendo maxima damna feret.

Quis credat? dicunt etiam fidere puella :

Queritur atque illis hac quoque parte decor.

" Let

- “ Let Room for something more than Breath ”
 “ Just show the Ends of Milk-white Teeth ”
 “ There is a *J'en sçay quoy* is found ”
 “ In a soft smooth affected Sound: ”
 “ But there's a shrieking crying Tone, ”
 “ Which I ne'er lik'd, when all is done: ”
 “ And there are some, who laugh like Mops, ”
 “ As ne'er to shut their Mouths agen; ”
 “ So very loud and *Mal-propo*, ”
 “ They seem like Hautboys to a Show. ”
 “ But now for the Reverse: 'Tis Skill ”
 “ To let your Tears flow when you will ”
 “ It is of use when People dy; ”
 “ Or else to have the Spleen, and cry, ”
 “ Because you have no Reason why. ”

Sint modici rictus: sine parva utrinque lacuna:
 Et summos dentes: imo labella regant.
 Nec sua perpetuo contendunt illa rictu:
 Sed leve nescio quid formineumque sonant.
 Est, quæ perverso diffusetur ora cachinno:
 Cum risu læta est altera, dære potes.
 Illa sonat raucum quiddam, æque inamabile ridet,
 Ut rudis à scabra turpis afella molit.
 Quò non ars penetrat? discunt lachrymare decenter?
 Quoque volunt plorant tempore, quoque modo.

“ Now

- " The more the Blemishes upon the Feet,
 " The greater Care the Lace and Shoes be neat.
 " Some Backs and Sides are wav'd like Billows;
 " These Holes are best made up with Pillows.
 " Thick Fingers always should command
 " Without the stretching out the Hand
 " Who has bad Teeth should never see
 " A Play, unless a Tragedy,
 " For we can teach you how to simper,
 " And when 'tis proper you shou'd whimper.
 " Think that your Grace and Wit is now
 " Not in your laughing at a thing, but how

Pes malus in nives semper caletur alutis;
 Arida nec vinclis crura resolvit tuis.
 Conveniunt tenues stipulis anactides alis;
 Augustum circa facies pectus erit.
 Exiguo signet gestu, quodcumque loquatur,
 Cui digiti pingues, & scaber unguis erit.
 Cui gravis oris odor, nunquam jejuna loquatur,
 Et semper spatio distet ab ore viri.
 Si niger, aut ingens; aut non erit ordine narus
 Dens tibi; ridendo maxima damna feret.
 Quis credat? discunt etiam ridere puella;
 Queritur atque illis hac quocumque parte decor.

- " Let Room for something more than Breath "
 " Just show the Ends of Milk-white Teeth "
 " There is a *J'en sçay quoy* is found "
 " In a soft smooth affected Sound: "
 " But there's a skreeking crying Tone, "
 " Which I ne'er lik'd, when all is done: "
 " And there are some, who laugh like Muff, "
 " As ne'er to shut their Mouths agen; "
 " So very loud and *Mal-propo*, "
 " They seem like Hautboys to a Show. "
 " But now for the Reverse: 'Tis Skill "
 " To let your Tears flow when you will "
 " It is of use when People dy; "
 " Or else to have the Spleen, and cry, "
 " Because you have no Reason why.

Sint modici rictus: sint parva utrinque lacuna:
 Et summos dentes longi labella regant.
 Nec sua perpetuo contendunt illa rictu:
 Sed leve nescio quid foemineumque sonant.
 Est, quam perverso distorqueat ora bachiui:
 Cum risu læta est altera, læta putes.
 Illa sonat raucum quiddam, sique inamabile ridet,
 Ut rudis à scabra turpis asella molit.
 Quò non ars penetrat? discunt lachrymare decenter;
 Quòque volunt plorant tempore, quòque modo.

" Now

- " Now for your Talk—Come let me see :
 " Here lose your H, here drop your T;
 " Despise that R : Your Speech is better
 " Much for destroying of one Letter.
 " Now Lisp, and have a sort of Pride
 " To seem as if your Tongue were ty'd.
 " This is such a becoming Fault
 " Rather than want it should be taught,
 " And now that you have learnt to talk,
 " Pray let me see if you can walk.
 " There's many Dancing-Masters treat
 " Of Management of Ladies Feet.
 " There's some their Mincing Gate have chose,
 " Treading without their Heel or Toes.

Quid, cum legitima fraudatur littera voce,
 Blesque sit iusto lingua coacta sono?
 In vicio decor est, quædam male reddere verba;
 Discunt posse minus, quam imponere, loqui.
 Omnibus his, quando profunt, impendite curam;
 Discite foemineo corpore ferre gradum,
 Est & incessu pars non temnenda decoris;
 Alligat ignotos illa fugatque viros.

" Now "

" She "

- " She that reads *Tasso*, or *Malherbe*
 " Chuses a Step that is *superbe*.
 " Some giddy Creatures, as if shunning
 " Something dislik'd, are always running.
 " Some prance like *French Women* who ride
 " As our *Life-Guard-men*, all astride.
 " But each of these have *Decoration*
 " According to their *Affectation*,
 " That Dance is grateful, and will please,
 " Where all the *Motions* glide with *Ease*.
 " We to the skillful *Theatre*
 " This seeming want of *Art* prefer.

Hæc movet arte latus, cupidoque fluentibus auras
 Excipit, excensos ferique superba pedes.
 Illa, velut conjux Umbri rubicunda mariti,
 Ambulat: ingentes varica ferique gradus.
 Sed sis, ut in multis, modus hic quoque rusticus; alter
 Motus in incessu, mollior alter erit.
 Pars humeri tamen ima, cui, pars summa incerti
 Nuda sit, à lava conspicienda manu.
 Hoc vos præcipue nivea decet: hoc ubi vidi
 Oscula terre humero, quæ parer usque, liber.
 Quis dubitat quin, scire velim saltare puellam,
 Ut moveat posito brachia iussa sono?
 Artifices lateri, scenæ spectacula, amantur:
 Tantum mobilitas illa decoris habet.

" 'Tis

- " 'Tis no small Art to give direction
 " How to fute Knots to each Complexion,
 " How to adorn the Breast and Head
 " With Blew, White, Cherry, Pink, or Red.
 " As the Morn rises, so that Day
 " Wear Purple, Sky-colour, or Grey:
 " Your Black at Lent, your Green in May,
 " Your Filamot when Leaves decay.
 " All Colours in the Summer shine:
 " The Nymphs should be like Gardens fine.

' Quid de veste loquar? non jam segmenta requiro,
 Nec quæ bis Tyrio murice lana ruber.
 Cum tot prodierint precipio leviores colores,
 Quis furor est census corpore fæve sup?
 Aëris ecce color, tum cum sine nubibus aër,
 Nec tepidus pluvias conelatat Auster aquas.
 Ecce tibi similis, qui quondam Phryxon & Hellen
 Diceris Inois eripuisse dolis.
 Hic undas imitatur, habet quoque nomen ab undis:
 Crediderim Nymphas hac ego veste tegi.
 Ille crocum simulat: croceo velatur amictu,
 Roscida luciferos cum Dea jungit equos.
 Hic Paphias myrtos, hic purpureos amethystos,
 Albentésve rosas, Threiciamve gruem.
 Nec glandes, Amarylli, tuz, nec amygdala defunt:
 Et sua velleribus nomina cera dedit.
 Quot nova terra parit flores, cum vere repenti
 Vitis agit gemmis, pigræque fugit hyems;
 Lana tot, aur plures succos bibit: elige certos:
 Nam non conveniens omnibus unus erit.
 Pulla decet niveas: Briseida pulla decebat:
 Cum rapta est, pullâ tum quoque veste tuit.

- " It is the Fashion now-a-days,
 " That almost every Lady plays,
 " Basset and Piquet grow to be
 " The Subject of our Comedy:
 " But whether we Diversion seek
 " In these, in Comet, or in Glee;
 " Or Ombre, where true Judgment can
 " Disclose the Sentiments of Man;
 " Let's have a care how we discover,
 " Especially before a Lover,

Parva monere pudet: talorum dicere iactus
 Ut sciat, & vires tessera missa tuas.
 Et modo aris iacet numeros: modo coegres apic.
 Quam subeat partem cassida, quamque vocet.
 Cautaque non stultè latronum praelia ludat:
 Unus cum gemino calculus hosle peris.
 Bellatorque suo pressus sine compare pugnet:
 Æmulus inceptum saepe recusat opus.
 Reticuloque pilæ laeves fundantur aperto:
 Nec, nisi quam tollas, pila movenda pila est.
 Est genus in totidem tenui ratione redactum
 Spicula, quor mensis lubricus annus habet.
 Parva tabella capit ternos utrinque lapillos,
 In qua vicisse est, continuasse suos.
 Mille fac esse jocos: turpe est, nescire puellam
 Ludere: ludendo saepe paratur amor.
 Sed minimus labor est sapienter iactibus uti:
 Majus opus mores composuisse suos.
 Tunc sumus incauti, studiisque aperimur in ipso:
 Nudaque per lusus pectora nostra patent.

" Some

- " Some Passions which we should conceal,
 " But Heats of Play too oft reveal.
 " For be the matter small or great,
 " There's like Abhorrence for a Cheat.
 " There's nothing spoils a Woman's Graces
 " Like Peevishness and making Faces:
 " Then angry Words and rude Discourse,
 " You may be sure, become them worse.
 " With Hopes of Gain, when we're beset,
 " We do too commonly forget

- " Such Guards as screen us from those Eyes
 " Which may observe us, and despise.
 " I'd burn the Cards rather than know
 " Of any of my Friends did so:
 " I've heard of some such things; but I,
 " Thanks to my Stars, was never by.

Ira subit, deforme malum, lacrique cupido,

Jurgiâque, & rixæ, sollicitusque dolor.

Crimina dicuntur: resonat clamoribus æther:

Invocat iratos & sibi quisque Deos.

Nulla fides tabulis, quæ non per vota peruntur:

Et lacrymis vidi sæpe madere genas.

Juppiter à vobis tam turpia crimina pellat,

In quibus est ulli cura placere vigo.

" Thus

- “ Thus we may pass our Time : The Men
 “ A thousand ways divert their Spleen,
 “ Whilst we sit peevishly within.
 “ Hunting, Cocking, Racing, Joaking,
 “ Fudling, Swimming, Fencing, Sinoaking :
 “ And little thinking how poor We
 “ Must vent our Scandal o’er our Tea,
 “ I see no reason but We may
 “ Be brisk, and equally as gay.
 “ Whene’er our Gentlemen would range
 “ We’ll take our Chariot for the Change :
 “ If they’re disposing for the Play,
 “ We’ll hasten to the Opera : ”

Hos ignava jocos tribuit natura puellis :
 Materiam ludunt uberiore viam.
 Sunt illis celeresque pilæ, jaculumque, trochique,
 Armæque, & in gyros ire coactus equus.
 Nec vos campus habet, nec vos gelidissima Virgo :
 Nec Thufcus placidis devehit amnis aquis.
 At licet, & prodest Pompeias ire per umbras,
 Virginis æthereis cum caput ardet equis.
 Visite laurifero sacra palatia Phœbo :
 Ille Parætonias merfit in alta rates.
 Quæque soror conjuxque ducis monumenta parârunt,
 Navalique gener cinctus honore caput.

M

“ When

- " Or when they'll lustily carouse,
 " We'll surely to the *Indian House* :
 " And at such Cost whilst thus we roam,
 " For cheapness sake they'll stay at home.
 " Few wise Mens thoughts e'er yet pursu'd
 " That which their Eyes had never view'd :
 " And so our never being seen
 " Is the same thing as not t'have been,
 " •Grandeur it self, and Poverty,
 " Were equal if no Witness by :
 " And they who always sing alone
 " Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one.
 " Had *Danae* been shut up still,
 " She'd been a Maid against her Will,
 " And might have grown prodigious old,
 " And never had her Story told.

Visite thuricremas vacæ Memphisidos aras ;
 Visite conspicuis terna theatra locis.
 Spectentur tepido maculata sanguine arenæ ;
 Metâque ferventi circumcunda rota.
 • Quis Danaën nôset, si semper clausa fuisset,
 Inque sua turri perlatusset anus ?

" 'Tis

- " 'Tis fit fair Maids should run a gadding
" To set the amorous Beaux a madding
" To many a Sheep the Wolf has gone
" E'er it can nearly seize on one,
" And many a Partridge escapes away
" Before the Hawk can pounce its Prey:
" And so if pretty Damsels rove,
" They'll find out one perhaps may love;
" If they no Diligence will spare,
" And in their Dressing still take care,
" The Fisher baits his Hook all Night
" In hopes by chance some Eel may bite.

Utilis est vobis formosæ cura puellæ,
Sæpe vagos extra limina ferre pedes.
Ad multas lupa tendit oves, prædatur ut unam:
Et Jovis in multas devolat ales aves.
Se quoque det populo mulier speciosa videndam:
Quem trahat è multis forsitan unus erit.
Omnibus illa locis maneat studiola placendi:
Et curam totâ mente decoris agat.
Casus ubique valet: semper tibi pendeat hamus,
Quo minime credis gurgite, piscis erit.
Sæpe canes frustra nemorosis montibus errant:
Inque plagas nullo cervus agente cadit.

- " Each with their different Grace appears,
 " Virgins with Blush, Widows with Tears,
 " Which gain new Husbands tender-hearted
 " To think how such a Couple parted.
 " But then there are some foppish Beaux
 " Like us in all things but their Clothes.
 " That we may seem the more robust,
 " And fittest to accost them first,
 " With Paint, Pulvil, false Locks, and Hair,
 " They give themselves a Female Air ;
 " Who having all their Tale by Rote,
 " And harping still on the same Note,
-

Quid minus Andromede potuit sperare revincta,
 Quàm lacrymas ulli posse placere suas ?
 Funere sæpe viri vir quaeritur : isse solutis
 Crinibus, & fletus non tenuisse decet.
 Sed vitate viros cultum formamque professos :
 Quique suas ponunt in statione comas.
 Quæ vobis dicunt, dixerunt mille puellis :
 Errat, & in nulla sede moratur amor.
 Vix mihi credetis, sed credite : Troja maneret,
 Præceptis Priami si foret usa senis.
 Sunt qui mendaci specie grassantur amoris,
 Përque aditus tales lucra pudenda perunt.

" Will

- “ Will tell us that, and nothing more
“ Than what a Thousand heard before.
“ Tho' they all Marks of Love pretend,
“ There's nothing which they less intend :
“ And 'midst a thousand hideous Oaths,
“ With Jewels false and borrow'd Clothes,
“ Our Easiness may give Belief
“ To one that is an errand Thief.

The Spark was coming, she undrest
Scuttles away as if possrest.

The Governess cries, “ Where d'ye run ?

“ Why, Madam, I've but just begun.

Nec coma vos fallat liquidâ nitidissima nardo :

Nec brevis in rugas cingula pressa suas.

Nec toga decipiat filo tenuissima : nec si

Annulus in digitis alter, & alter erit.

Forſitan ex horum numero cultiſſimus ille

Fur ſit, & uratur veſtis amore tua.

Redde meum clamant ſpoliaræ ſæpe puellæ :

Redde meum, toto voce boante ſoro.

Haſ Venus è templis multo radiantibus auro

Lata videt lites, Applaudèſque Deus.

She bawls, the t'other nothing hears,
But leaves her prating to the Chairs.

Virtue, without these little Arts,
At first subdues, then keeps our Hearts :
And tho' more gracefully it shows
When it from lovely Persons flows ;
Yet often Goodness most prevails
When Beauty in Perfection fails.
Tho' ev'ry Feature mayn't be well,
Yet all together may excel.
There's nothing but will easy prove,
When all the rest's made up by Love.

Sunt quoque non dubia quædam mala nomina fama :
Deceptæ à multis crimen amanti habent.
Discite ab alterius vestris timuisse querelis :
Janua fallaci nè sit aperta viro.
Parcite Cecropides juranti credere Thesæo :
Quos faciet testes, fecit & ante Deos.
Et tibi Demophoon Thesæi criminis hæres,
Phyllidæ deceptâ, nulla relicta fides.



THE
ART of LOVE;

In Imitation of

Ovid *De Arte Amandi*.

PART XIII.

V Irmins should not unskill'd in Musick be;
For what's more like themselves than
Harmony.

Let not Vice use it only to betray,
And *Sirens* by their Songs entice their Prey.

• *Monstra maris Sirenes erant, quæ voce canorâ
Quaslibet admissas detinuerunt raras.
His sua Sisyphides auditis penè resolvit
Corpora: nam facilis illita cera fuit.
Res est blanda canor: discant cantare puellæ:
Pro facie multis vox sua lena fuit.*

Let it with Sense, with Voice and Beauty join,
 Grateful to Eyes and Ear, and to the Mind Divine;
 For there's a double Grace when pleasing Strings
 Are touch'd by Her that more delightful sings.
 Thus *Orpheus* did the Rage of Deserts quell,
 And charm'd the monstrous Instruments of Hell.
 New Walls to *Thebes* *Amphion* thus began,
 Whilst to the Work officious Marble ran,
 Thus with his Harp and Voice *Arion* rode
 On the mute Fish safe through the rolling Flood.

⁂ Nor are the Essays of the Female Wit
 Less charming in the Verses they have writ.

Et modò marmoreis referant audita theatri,
 Et modò Nilivæ carmina lusa modis.
 Nec plectrum dextra, citharam tenuisse sinistra
 Nesciat, arbitrio scœmina docta meo.
 Saxa ferâsque lyrâ movit Rhodopeius Orpheus,
 Tartareosque lacus, tergeminumque canem.
 Saxa tuo cantu, vindex justissime matris,
 Fecerunt muros officiosa novos.
 Quamvis mutus erat, voci fuisse putatur
 Pisels, Arionis fabula nota lyra.
 Pert animus propius consistere: supprime habenas,
 Musa: nec admissa exequiare rotas.

From antient Ages Love has found the way
Its bashful Thoughts by Letters to convey ;
Which sometimes run in such engaging Strain,
That Pity makes the Fair write back again.
What's thus intended some small time delay :
His Passion strengthens rather by your Stay.
Then with a cautious Wit your Pen withhold,
Left a too free Expression make him bold.
Create a Mixture 'twixt his Hope and Fear,
And in Reproof let Tenderness appear.
As he deserves it give him hopes of Life :
A cruel Mistress makes a froward Wife.

Verba vadam tentent abiegnis scripta tabellis :
Accipiat missas apta ministra notas.
Inspice : dumque leges, ex ipsis collige verbis,
Fingat, an ex animo, sollicitusque roget.
Postque brevem rescribe moram : mora semper amantes
Incitat, exiguum si modò tempus habet.
Sed neque te facilem juveni promitte roganti :
Nec tamen edurè, quod petit ille, nega.
Fae timeat, speretque simul : quotiesque remittes,
Spes magis hinc veniat certa, minorque metus,

Affect

Affect not foreign Words : Love will impart
A gentle Style more excellent than Art.

Astrea's Lines flow on with so much ease,
That she who writes like them must surely please.

Orinda's Works, with courtly Graces stor'd,
True Sense in nice Expressions will afford :

Whilst *Chudleigh's* Words Seraphick Thoughts express
In lofty Grandeur, but without Excess.

Oh had not Beauty Darts enough to wound,
But it must pierce us with Poetick Sound !

Whilst *Phœbus* suffers Female Pow'rs to tear
Wreaths from his *Daphne*, which they justly wear !

• If greater things to lesser we compare,
The Skill of Love is like the Art of War.

Munda, sed è medio, consuetudine verba, puellis

Scribite : sermonis publicæ forma placet.

Ah quoties dubiis scriptis exarsit amator,

Et nocuit formæ barbara lingua bonæ !

• Quis verat a magnis ad res exempla minores

Sumere, nec nomen pertinuisse ducis ?

The General says, Let him the Horse command:
 You by that Ensign, You that Cannon stand.
 Where Danger calls let t'other bring Supplies:
 With Pleasure all obey in hopes to rise.
 So if you have a Servant skill'd in Laws,
 Send him with moving Speech to plead your Cause.
 He that has native unaffected Voice
 In singing what you bid him will rejoyce.
 And Wealth, as Beauty orders it, bestow'd,
 Wou'd make ev'n Misers in Expences proud.
 But they, o'er whom *Apollo* rules, have Hearts
 The most susceptible of Lovers Smarts,
 And like their God so they feel *Cupid's* Darts.
 The Gods and Kings are by their Labours prais'd,
 And they again by them to Honour rais'd.

Dux bonus huic centum. commisit jure regendos :
 Huic equites, illi signa tuenda dedit.
 Vos quoque de nobis, quem quisque erit aptus in usum,
 Inspicite : & certo ponite quemque loco.
 Munera det dives : jus qui profectibitur, adsit :
 Facundus causam saepe clientis agat.
 Carmina qui facimus, mittamus carmina tantum :
 Nam chorus ante alios aptus amare sumus.

For none to Heav'n or Majesty exprest
 Their Duty well, but in return were blest.
 Nor did the mighty *Scipio* think it Scorn
 That *Emilius* in *Calabrian* Mountains born,
 His Wars, Retirements, Councils should attend,
 In all distinguish'd by the Name of Friend.
 He that for want of Worlds to conquer, wept,
 Without consulting *Homer* never slept.
 The Poets Cares all terminate in Fame,
 As they obtain they give a lasting Name.
 Thus from the Dead *Lucretia* and *Cynthia* rise,
 And *Berenice's* Hair adorns the Skies.
 The sacred Bard no treacherous Craft displays,
 But virtuous Actions crowns with his own Bays.

Nos facimus placita late præconia formæ:

Nomen habet *Nemesis*; *Cynthia* nomen habet.

Vesper, & Eos novère *Lycoridæ* terræ:

Et multi, quæ sit nostra *Corinna*, rogant.

Adde, quod insidiæ sacris à vatibus absunt:

Et facit ad mores ars quoque nostra bonos.

Far from Ambition and Wealth's sordid Care
 In him Good-nature and Content appear :
 And far from Courts, from studious Parties free,
 He sighs forth *Laura's* Charms beneath some Tree;
 Despairing of the valu'd Prize he loves,
 Commits his Thoughts to Winds and echoing Groves.
 Poets have quick Desire and Passion strong;
 Where once it lights there it continues long.
 They know that Truth is the perpetual Band,
 By which the World and Heav'n of Love must stand.
 The Poets Art softens their Tempers so,
 That Manners easy as their Verses flow.
 Oh could they but just Retribution find,
 And as themselves, what they adore, be kind!

Nec nos ambitio, nec nos amor urget habendi:
 Contempro colitur lectus & umbra foro.
 Sed facile hæremus validoque perurimur æstu:
 Et nimium certâ scimus amare fide.
 Scilicet ingenium placidâ mollior ab arte:
 Et studio mores convenienter eunt.
 Vauibus Aontis faciles estote puellæ:
 Numen inest illis, Pieridæque favent.

In vain they boast of their Coelestial Fire,
 Whilst there remains a Heav'n to which they can't
 aspire!
Apelles first brought *Venus* to our View,
 With blooming Charms and Graces ever new,
 Whom else unknown to Mortals might remain
 Hid in the Caverns of her native Main:
 And with the Painter now the Poets join
 To make the Mother and her Boy Divine
 Therefore attend, and from their Musick learn
 That which their Minds inspir'd could best discern.
 First see how *Stanley*, then how *Cowley* mov'd,
 And with what Art it was that *Waller* lov'd.

*Est Deus in nobis, sunt & commercia coeli:
 Sedibus æthereis spiritus ille venit.
 A doctis pretium scelus est sperare poetis:
 Me miserum! scelus hoc nulla puella timet.
 Dissimulare tamen, nec primâ fronte rapaces
 Este: novus viso cassè resistet amant.
 Disce etiam duplici genialia nablia palma
 Vertere: conveniunt dulcibus illa joci.*

Forget

Forget not *Darset*, in whose generous Mind
 Love, Sense, Wit, Honour ev'ry Grace combin'd:
 And if for me you one kind Wish would spare,
 Answer a Poet to his friendly Pray'r.
 Take *Stepney's* Verse with Candour ever blest;
 For Love will there still with his Ashes rest.
 There let warm Spice and fragrant Odours burn,
 And everlasting Sweets perfume his Urn.
 Not that the living Muse is to be scorn'd
Britain with equal Worth is still adorn'd.
 See *Hallifax*, where Sense and Honour mixt
 Upon the Merits just Reward have fixt:

Sit tibi Callimachi, sit Coi nota poeta,
 Sit quoque vinosi Teia Musa senis.
 Nota sit & Sappho: quid enim lascivius illa?
 Cuive pater vafri luditur arte Getæ.
 Et teneri possis carmen legisse Propertii:
 Sive aliquid Galli, sive Tibulle, munus:
 Dictaque Varroni fulvis insignia villis
 Vellera, germanæ Phœnx querenda iuvæ:
 Et profugum Ænean, alta primordia Romæ,
 Quo nullum Latio clarius extat opus.
 Forsitan & nostrum nomen miscbitur istis:
 Nec mea Lethæis scripta dabuntur aquis.

And

And read their Works who writing in his Praise
 To their own Verse immortal Laurels raise.
 Learn *Prior's* Lines, for they can teach you more
 Than sacred *Ben*, or *Spencer* did before:
 And mark him well that uncouth *Physick's* Art
 Can in the softest *Tune* of Wit impart.
 See *Pastorella* o'er *Florello's* Grave;
 See *Tamerlain* make *Bajazet* his Slave;
 And *Phædra* with her antient Vigour rave.
 Through *Rapin's* Nurseries and Gardens walk,
 And find how Nymphs transform'd by amorous Col-
 lours talk.

Pomona see with *Milton's* Grandeur rise,

The most delicious Fruit of Paradise,

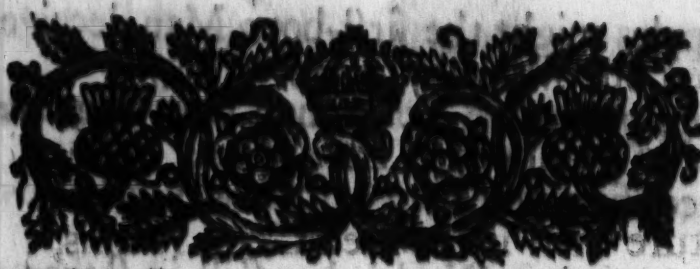
Atque aliquis dicet, Nostri lege culta Magistri
 Carmina, quæis partes instruit ille duas.
 Dêque tribus libris, titulus quos signat Amorû,
 Elige: quos docili molliter ora legas.
 Vel tibi composita cantetur epistola voce:
 Ignotum hoc allis ille novavit opus.
 O ita Phœbe velis, ita vos pia numina vatum,
 Insignis cornu Bacche, novemque Deas.

With

With Apples might the first-born Man deceive,
And more persuasive Voice than tempting Eve,
Not to confine you here ; for many more
Britain's luxuriant Wealth has still in store,
Whom would I number up, I must outrun
The longest Course of the laborious Sun.

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THE



THE ART of LOVE:

In Imitation of

Ovid *De Arte Amandi.*

PART XIV.



OUR Manners, like our Countenance,
Should be

They always candid, and the other
free:

* Si licet a parvis animum ad majora referre,
Plenâque curvato pandere vela sinu;

But

But when our Mind by Anger is possess'd,
 Our Noble Manhood is transform'd to Beast.
 No Feature then its wonted Grace retains,
 When the Blood blackens in the swelling Veins :
 The Eye-balls shoot out fiery Darts wou'd kill
 Th' Opposer, if the Gorgon had its Will.
 When *Pallas* in a River saw the Flute
 Deform'd her Cheeks, she let the Reed be mute.
 Anger no more will mortify the Face,
 Which in that Passion once consults her Glass.
 Let Beauty ne'er be with this Torment seiz'd,
 But ever rest serene, and ever pleas'd.
 A dark and fullen Brow seems to reprove
 The first Advances that are made to Love,

Pertinet ad faciem rapidos compescere mores :
 Candida pax homines, trux decet ira feras.
 Ora tument irâ : nigrescunt sanguine venæ :
 Lumina Gorgoneo sæviùs angue micant.
 I procul hinc, dixit, non est mihi tibia tanti,
 Ut vidit vultus *Pallas* in amne suos.
 Vos quoque si media Speculum spectetis in ira,
 Cognoscet faciem vix satis ulla suam.
 Nec minùs in vultu damnoſa superbia vestro :
 Comibus est oculis afficiendus amor.

To which there's nothing more averſe than Pride.
 Men without ſpeaking often are deny'd:
 And a diſdainful Look too oft reveals:
 Thoſe Seeds of Hatred which the Tongue conceals,
 When Eyes meet Eyes, and Smiles to Smiles return,
 'Tis then both Hearts with equal Ardor burn,
 And by their mutual Paſſion ſoon will know
 That all are Darts, and ſhot from Cupid's Bow.
 But when ſome lovely Form does ſtrike your Eyes,
 Be cautious ſtill how you admit Surprise.
 What you would love with quick Diſcretion view:
 The Object may deceive by being new.
 You may ſubmit to a too haſty Fate,
 And would ſhake off the Yoke when 'tis too late.

Odimus immodicos (experto credite) faſtus:

Sæpe tacens odii ſemina vulcus habet.

Speſtantes ſpecta: ridenti mollis ride:

Innuet, acceptas tu quoque redde notas.

Sic ubi præluſit, rudibus puer ille reſectis

Spicula de pharetra promit acuta ſua.

Odimus & mœſtas. Tecmeſſam diligat Ajax:

Nos hilarem populum foemina læta capit.

E Remedio Amoris, Lib. I.

Quale ſit id quod amas: celeri circumſpice mente:

Et tua læſuro ſubtrahe colla jugo.

We often into our Destruction sink
By not allowing Time enough to think.
Resist at first : For Help in vain we pray,
When Ills have gain'd full Strength by long Delay.
Be speedy ; lest perhaps the growing Hour
Put what is now within, beyond our Power.
Love as a Fire in Cities finds Encrease,
Proceeds, and till the whole's destroy'd won't cease.
It with Allurements does, like Rivers, rise
From little Springs, enlarg'd by vast Supplies.
Had *Myrrha* kept this Guard, she had not stood
A Monumental Crime in weeping Wood.

Principiis obsta : sero medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas invaluere moras.
Sed propera : nec te venturas differ in horas !
Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.
Verba dat omnis amor, reperitque alimenta morando ;
Optima vindicta proxima quaque dies.
Flumina pauca vides magnis de fontibus orta :
Plurima collectis multiplicantur aquis.
Si citò sensisses quantum peccare parabas,
Non tegeres vulcus cortice, *Myrrha*, tuos.

Because that Love is pleasing in its Pain,
 We not without reluctance Health obtain.
 Phyfick may tarry till to morrow's Sun,
 Whilst the Curs'd Poisons thro' the Vitals run.
 The Tree not to be shook has pierc'd the Ground,
 And Death must follow the neglected Wound.

• O'er different Ages Love bears different Sway,
 Takes various Turns to make all forts obey.
 The Colt unbackt we sooth with gentle Trace:
 We feed the Runner destin'd for the Race,
 And 'tis with Time and Masters we prepare
 The manag'd Coursers rushing to the War.

Vidi ego, quod fuerat primò sanabile vulnus,
 Dilatum longa damna tulisse mora.
 Sed, quia delectat Veneris decerpere flores,
 Dicimus assidue, Cras quoque fiat idem.
 Interea tacitæ serpunt in viscera flammæ:
 Et mala radices altius arbor agit.

• Sed neque rector equum, qui nuper sensit habenas,
 Comparibus franis, artificemque regit:
 Nec stabiles animos annis, viridemque juventam
 Ut capias, idem limes agendus erit.

Ambitious

Ambitious Youth will have some Sparks of Pride,
 And not without Impatience be deny'd.
 If to his Love a Rival you afford,
 You then present a Trial for his Sword:
 His eager Warmth disdains to be perplex,
 And rambles to the Beauty that is next.
 Maturer Years proceed with Care and Sense,
 And, as they give, so seldom take offence:
 For he that knows Resistance is in vain,
 Knows likewise struggling will encrease his Pain.
 Like Wood that's lately cut in *Paphian* Grove,
 Time makes him a fit Sacrifice for Love.

Hic rudis, & castris nunc primum notus amoris,
 Qui tetigit thalamos præda novella tuos,
 Te solam noris: tibi semper inhæreat uni,
 Cingenda est altis sepius ista seges.
 Effuge rivalem: vinces, dum sola tenebis.
 Non bene cum sociis regna Venusque manent.
 Ille vetus miles sensim & sapienter amabit:
 Multaque tironi non paranda feret.
 Nec franget postes, nec saxis ignibus uret,
 Nec dominæ teneras appetet ungue genas.
 Nec scindet tunicasve tuas, tunicasve puellæ:
 Nec raptus flendi causa capillus erit.
 Ista decent pueros ætate & amore calentes:
 Hic fera composita vulnere mente feret.
 Ignibus hic lentis uretur, ut humida teda,
 Ut modò montanis sylva recisa jugis.

By slow Degrees he fans the gentle Fire,
 Till Perseverance makes the Flame aspire.
 This Love's more sure, the t'other is more gay;
 But then he roves, whilst this is forc'd to stay.
 There are some Tempers which you must oblige,
 Not by a quick Surrender, but a Siege;
 That most are pleas'd, when driven to Despair
 By what they're pleas'd to call a Cruel Fair.
 They think, unless their Usage has been hard,
 Their Conquest loses part of its Reward.
 Thus some raise Spleen from their abounding Wealth,
 And clog'd with Sweets, from Acids seek their Health.
 And many a Boat does its Destruction find
 By having scanty Sails, too full of Wind.

Certior hic amor est: brevis, & fecundior ille:
 Quæ fugiunt, calenti carpite poma manu.
 Omnia tradentur, portas referabimus hosti,
 Ut sit in infida prodicione fides.
 Quod datur ex facili longum malecitur amorem.
 Miscenda est lætis rara repulsa jocis.
 Ante fores jaceant: Crudelis janua, clament:
 Multaque summissa, multa minanter agant.
 Pulcia non ferimus: succo renovamur amaro:
 Sæpe perit ventis obruta cymba suis.

Is it not Treachery to declare
The feeble Parts we have in War?
Is it not Folly to afford
Our Enemy a naked Sword?
Yet 'tis my Weakness to confess
What puts Men often in distress:
But then it is such Beaux as be
Possess with so much Vanity,
To think that wherefoe'er they turn,
Whoever looks on them must burn.
What they desire they think is true,
With small Encouragement from You,
They will a single Look improve,
And take Civilities for Love.

Quò feror infanus? quid aperto pectore in Hostem
Mittor, & indicio prodor ab ipse meo?
Non avis aucupibus monstrat, quâ parre petatur:
Non docet infestos currere cerva caues.
Viderit utilitas: ego corpe fideliter edam:
Lemniadum gladios in mea fata dabo.
Efficite: & facile est, ut nos credamus amari:
Prona venit cupidis in sua vota fides.
Spectet amabilius juvenem, & suspiret ab imo

“ We

" We all expected you at play :

" Was't not a Mistress made you stay ?

The Beau is fir'd, crys, " Now I find

" I out of pity must be kind :

" She sigh'd, impatient till I came.

Thus soaring to the lively Flame,

We see the vain ambitious Fly

Scorch its gay Wings, then unregarded die.

Both Sexes have their Jealousy,

And Ways to gain their Ends thereby,

But oftentimes too quick Belief

Has given a sudden Vent to Grief,

Fœmina : tam serò cur veniatque roget.

Accedunt lacrymæ, dolor, & depellice fictus :

Et laniet digitis illius ora suis.

Jamdudum persuasus erit : miserebitur ultro :

Et dicet, Curâ carpitur ipsa mei.

Præcipuè si cultus erit, speculòque placebit,

Posse suo tangi credet amore Deas.

Sed te, quæcunque est, moderare injuria turbet :

Nec sis auditâ pellice mentis inops.

Nec citò credideris : quantum citò credere lædat,

Occasion'd

Occasion'd by some Persons lying,
To set an easy Wife a-crying :
And *Procris* long ago, alas !
Experienc'd this unhappy Case.
There is a Mount, *Hymettus* stild,
Where Pinks and Rosemary are wild,
Where Strawberries and Myrtles grow,
And Violets make a Purple Show ;
Where the sweet Bays and Laurel shine,
All shaded by the lofty Pine ;
Where *Zephyrs*, with their wanton Motion,
Have all the Leaves at their devotion.

Exemplum vobis non leve Procris erit.
Est prope purpureos colles florentis Hymetti
Fons sacer, & viridi cespitè mollis humus.
Sylva nemus non alta facit : tegit arbutus herbam :
Ros maris, & laurus, nigræque myrtus olent.
Nec densum foliis buxum, fragilisque myrica,
Nec tenues cytisi, cultæque pinus abest.
Lenibus impulsæ Zephyris, auræque salubri,
Tor generum frondes, herbæque summa tremunt.

Here

Here *Cephalus*, who Hunting lov'd,
 When Dogs and Men were both remov'd,
 And all his dusty Labour done,
 In the Meridian of the Sun,
 Into some secret Hedge would creep,
 And sing, and hum himself asleep,
 But commonly being hot and dry,
 He thus would for some Cooler cry.

O now, if some
 Cooler would come:
 Dearest,
 Rarest,
 Loveliest,
 Fairest,
 Cooler, come.

Grata quies Cephalo : famulis canibusque relictis
 Lassus in hac juvenis saepe resedit humo.
 Quisque meos relevas zstus, canere solebat ;
 Accipienda sinu mobilis aura veni.

*Ob AIR, true Love, I would
Fresh and Rare;
Dearest,
Rarest,
Loveliest,
Fairest,
Cooler, come;
Cooler, come;
Cooler, come.*

A Woman that had heard him sing,
Soon had her Malice on the Wing;
For Females usually don't want
A Fellow Gossip that will cant;
Who still is pleas'd with others Ails,
And therefore carries spiteful Tales.

*Conjugis ad timidas aliquis male sedulus aures
Auditos memori detulit aure sonos.*

She

She thought that she might raise some Strife

By telling something to his Wife :

That once upon a time she stood

In such a Place, in such a Wood,

On such a Day, and such a Year,

There did, at least there did appear

(Cause for the World she would not lie,

As she must tell her by the by)

Her Husband ; first more loudly bauling,

And afterwards more softly calling

A Person not of the best Fame,

And Mistress *Cooler* was her Name.

“ Now, Gossip, why should she come thither ?

“ But that they might be naught together ?

When *Cris* heard all, her Colour turn'd,

And tho' her Heart within her burn'd,

Procris ut accepit nomen, quasi pellicis, aux̃;
Excidit ; & subito mota dolore fuit.

And

And Eyeballs sent forth sudden Flashes;
Her Cheeks and Lips were pale as Ashes.
Then, Woe the Day that she was born
The Nightrail innocent was torn:
Many a Thump was given the Breast,
“ And she, Oh she should never rest:
“ She strait would heigh her to the Wood,
“ And he’d repent it, that he shou’d.
With eager haste away she moves,
Never regarding Scarf or Gloves:
Into the Grotto soon she creeps,
And into every Thicket peeps,

*Palluit ut seræ, lectis de vite racemis,
Palescunt frondes, quas nova læsit hyems.
Quæque supæ curvant matura cydonia ramos,
Cornæque adhuc nostris non satis apta cibis.
Urque animus rediit, tennes a pectore vestes
Rumpit : & indignas fauciat ungue genas.
Nec mora : per medias sparsis suribunda capillis
Evolat, ut thyrsos concita Baccha, vias.
Ut propè perventum est, comites in valle reliquit :
Ipsa nemus tacito clam pede fortis init.*

And

And to her Eyes there did appear
 Two Prints of Bodies, that was clear:
 " And now (she cries) I plainly see
 " How Time and Place, and all agree:
 " But here's a Covert where I'll lie,
 " And I shall have 'em by and by.
 'Twas Noon, and *Cephalus*, as last Time,
 Heated, and ruffled with his Pastime,
 Came to the very self-same Place
 Where he was us'd to wash his Face ;

Quid tibi mentis erat, cum sic male sana lateres
 Procri? quis attoniti pectoris ardor erat?

Jam jam venturam, quaecunque erat aura, putabas
 Scilicet: atque oculis probra videnda tuis.

Nunc venisse piget (neque enim deprendere velles)

Nunc juvat: incertus pectora versat amor.

Credere quæ jubeant, locus est, & nomen, & index,

Et, quia mens semper, quod timer, esse putat.

Vidit ut oppressam vestigio corporis herbam;

Pulsantur trepidi corde micante sinus.

Jamque dies medius tenues contraxerat umbras,

Inque pari spatio vesper & ortus erant:

Ecce redit *Cephalus* proles *Cyllenia* sylvis,

Oraque fontanâ fervida spargit aqua.

And then he sung, and then he hum'd,
And on his Knee with Fingers Thrum'd.
When *Crissy* found all matters fair,
And that he only wanted Air,
Saw what Device was took to fool her,
And no such one as *Mistress Cooler*.
Mistrusting then no future Harms,
She would have rush'd into his Arms.
But as the Leaves began to ruffle,
He thought some Beast had made the Bustle.
He shot, then cry'd, "I've kill'd my Deer.
" Ay so you have (says *Cris*) I fear.
" Why, *Crissy*, pray what made you here ?

Anxia Procri later : solitas jacet ille per herbas :
Et, Zephyri molles, auraque, dixit, ades.
Ut patuit miseræ jucundus nominis error ;
Et mens, & rediit verus in ora color.
Surgit : & oppositas agitato corpore frondes
Movit, in amplexus uxor irura viri.
Ille feram sonuisse rarus, juvenilliter arcum
Corripit : in dextra tela fuere manu.
Quid facis infelix : non est fera : supprime tela :
Me miseram, jaculo fixa puella tuo est.

" By Gossip *Trot* I understood

" You kept a small Girl in this Wood.

Quoth *Ceph*, "'Tis pity thou shouldst die

" For this thy foolish Jealousy :

" For 'tis a Passion that does move

" Too often from Excess of Love.

But when they fought for Wound full sore,

The Petticoat was only tore,

And she had got a lusty Thump,

Which in some measure bruise'd her Rump.

Then home most lovingly they went,

Neither had reason to repent.

Their following Years past in Content ;

Hei mihi, conclamat, fixisti pectus amicum :

Hic locus a Cephalo vulnera semper habet.

An te diem moriar, sed nulla pellice laesa :

Hoc faciet positam te mihi terra levem.

Nomine suspectam mihi spiritus exit in auram :

Jam morior : chara lumina conde manu,

Dixit : & incauto paulatim pectore lapsus

Excipitur miseri spiritus ore viri.

Ille sinu domine morientis pectora mollesco.

Sustinet, & lacryma vulnera lava lavat.

And

And *Crissy* made him the best Wife

For the Remainder of his Life.

^d The Muse has done, nor will more Laws obtrude;
Left she by being tedious should be rude:
Unbrace Love's Swans, let them unharness'd stray,
And eat *Ambrasia* through the Milky Way;
Give Liberty to ev'ry *Paphian* Dove,
And let 'em freely with the *Cupids* rove;
But when the *Amazonian* Trophies rise
With Monuments of their past Victories;
With what Discretion and what Art they fought:
Let them record: *They were by Ovid taught.*

^d *Lusus habet finem: cygnis discedere tempus;
Duxerunt collo qui iuga nostra suo.
Uti quondam juvenes, ita nunc mea turba puellæ
Inscribant spolia, Naso magister erat.*

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